

JANUARY, 1889.

The Congregational Review

IN WHICH ARE INCORPORATED

The Congregationalist and British Quarterly Review.

EDITED BY THE

REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A.

CONTENTS.

1. THE OLD YEAR'S CONFESSION AND PRAYER. By P. GRANT.
2. THE NEW YEAR'S FAITH. By P. GRANT.
3. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.
4. FAMILY DEVOTION. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.
5. TOLSTOI AND MATTHEW ARNOLD. By FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD.
6. MR. SPICER AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH POLICY.
7. A CROMWELLIAN COLLECTOR. By G. HOLDEN PIKE.
8. ESSAYS BY AUBREY DE VERE. By RUTH BRINDLEY.
9. UNDER WHICH FLAG?
10. WORKS OF BIBLICAL EXPOSITION.
11. EDITORIAL NOTES.
12. OUR LIBRARY TABLE.
13. MAGAZINE VOLUMES.
14. CURRENT LITERATURE.

London:

T. FISHER UNWIN,

26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

One Shilling.]

[Quarterly.

No t.p.

The Congregational Review.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Orders or Communications in reference to Advertisements, and Remittances for the insertion of Advertisements must be sent direct to Messrs. REYNELL AND SON, General Advertising Agents, No. 44, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., and not to the Publisher or Editor.

Advertisements for the next issue must be sent before March 15.

GENERAL LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Chief Office: 103, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Sir ANDREW LUSH, Bart., Chairman

Principal ANGUS, D.D.

JOSEPH BOLTON DOE, Esq., J.P.

The Most Hon. the MARQUIS OF EXETER.

Lieut.-Colonel F. D. GREY.

GEORGE FITZ, Esq.

Lord GILBERT KENNEDY.

JAMES S. MACK, Esq., J.P.

JAMES PILKINGTON, Esq., J.P.

HENRY WILLIAM RIPLEY, Esq.

WILLIAM STRANG, Esq.

Right Hon. C. PELHAM VILLIERS, M.P.

Capital ... £1,000,000. | Funds in Hand ... £1,100,000.

Total Income.....£300,000.

LIFE, FIRE, MORTGAGES, ANNUITIES.

Life Policies indisputable after being in force five years.

Immediate payment of claims on proof of death and title.

Fire Insurances accepted at equitable rates.

HENRY WARD, Secretary and Manager.

In 2 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 32s.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA.

By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI.

With many Portraits and Illustrations.

"It deserves the close attention of everybody who wishes to understand aright the character and work, even yet strangely misunderstood, of Savonarola."—*Scottish Leader*.

"It is in every way very masterly."—*Nonconformist*.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Three per cent. Interest allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. Interest on current accounts calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of charge, the custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. The **BIRKBECK ALMANACK**, with full particulars, post free, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Five Millions.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, with immediate Possession and no Rent to Pay. Apply at the office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

at
h

est
ata
or-
nd
x-

ate
ton

H,
eck
r.

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE, TAUNTON.

Principal—Rev. F. WILKINS AVELING, M.A., B.Sc.

(Exhibitor at London University; Pye Smith Scholar; Entrance Scholar at University College, London; Dr. Williams Divinity Scholar; Scripture Prizeman at London University, &c.; Author of "Light and Heat," "Greek Syntax," "Free Trade," "Church Principles," &c.)

Assisted by Resident and Visiting Masters.

A thorough Scriptural, Commercial, and Classical Education. Special preparations for Matriculation and B.A. of London, Civil Service (all branches), entrance to all Universities, and (for younger pupils) the Cambridge Local and the College of Preceptors Examinations.

Liberal diet. Twenty-seven acres of Land. Cricket Pavilion. Covered Playground and Gymnasium. Swimming Bath. Carpenter's Workshop.

JUNIOR SCHOOL (for Boys under 11). Lady Superintendent—Miss RUDD, assisted by Certificated Lady Teacher, and the College Staff of Masters.

SEVERAL SCHOLARSHIPS. Terms from 32 Guineas a Year.

ALBERT GOODMAN, *Secretary.*

SECOND YEAR OF ISSUE.

In JANUARY, Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6s.

THE

GOVERNMENT YEAR BOOK.

A Record of the

FORMS AND METHODS OF GOVERNMENT

IN

GREAT BRITAIN, HER COLONIES, AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES,

1889.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON THE DIFFUSION OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT OVER THE
SURFACE OF THE GLOBE, AND ON THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF
INTERNAL JURISDICTIONS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED A REVIEW OF THE CHIEF OCCURRENCES AFFECTING NATIONAL
AND INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN 1888.

EDITED BY

LEWIS SERGEANT,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GREECE," "ENGLAND'S POLICY: ITS TRADITIONS AND PROBLEMS," ETC.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

WORKS PUBLISHED AT
THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN BOOK-ROOM,
 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

FOUR GOSPELS IN ONE. By Rev. J. MOSTYN. Crown 8vo. [Ready shortly.]

THE KING'S SON; OR, A MEMOIR OF BILLY BRAY. By F. W. BOURNE. Cloth boards, 1s.; gilt edges, 1s. 6d. Twenty-fifth Edition.

The Third Illustrated Edition, printed on thick paper, with life-like portrait, handsomely bound, is now ready; 2s. 6d.
 "Long ago we gave a *résumé* of this singular biography, and our friends at once bought it. Those who did not do so had better hurry up. Scarcely do we remember a biography more amusing and yet more edifying."—*Sword and Trowel*.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY ST. MATTHEW. By the Rev. J. C. JONES, D.D. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

"This is a remarkable volume of sermons, in a singularly unpretending form. We never remember to have met with so much culture, freshness, power, pathos, and fire in so small a space. It is a book to be read and re-read, with new instruction and stimulus on each perusal. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Jones is fully equal to Robertson at his best, and not seldom superior to him in intellectual grasp, depth of thought, clearness of exposition, pointedness of appeal, and fidelity to evangelical truth. The style, which is severely logical, reminds us in its beauty of Ruskin. These are models of what pulpit discourses ought to be. We shall look for more from the same able pen."—*Methodist Recorder*.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY ST. JOHN. By the same Author. Second Edition. 5s.

"In expounding certain portions of this matchless Gospel, Mr. Jones is even more at home than when discussing the questions raised in Matthew or the Acts. The profound metaphysics and theology of the Prologue have a peculiar charm for him, and it is easy to see that it has been a labour of love to make them clear to the humblest mind."—*Methodist Recorder*.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By the same Author. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

"It is a book of great freshness, vigour, and originality, as well as thoroughly sound in doctrine, and I wish it a wide circulation."—*The Bishop of Liverpool*.

"It is full of interest and very fresh and suggestive. You have conferred a real benefit upon the Church, and I hope you will be encouraged to give us some more commentaries in the same strain. They will be valuable."—*The Dean of Peterborough*.

STUDIES IN THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER. Uniform with "Studies in the Acts." By the same Author. 5s.

"There can be no doubt as to the success of this volume. Dr. Jones is a fresh writer—fresh in thought and style also. Ministers, not to speak of laymen, want books of this kind, and they will not be disappointed with this brilliant volume."—*British Weekly*.

ALL FOR CHRIST—CHRIST FOR ALL: Illustrated by the LIFE AND LABOURS OF WILLIAM M. BAILEY. By F. W. BOURNE. Eighth Thousand, with life-like Portrait; cloth boards, 1s.; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

"A better book of this kind than this we have seldom, if ever, fallen in with. It is packed full of soul-stirring facts, and is all aglow with holy feeling."—*Primitive Methodist Magazine*.

MILLER MANNING: A STORY OF CORNISH LIFE. By MATTHEW FORESTER. Preface by F. W. BOURNE. Second Edition. 1s., cloth boards.

"An admirable little book from beginning to end. Let all who want something at once profitable, refreshing, and racy, get it. Our good friends the Bible Christians are to be congratulated on their success in so happily preserving such sketches of original characters. . . . The story is well told, in a simple and straightforward style, and is rigorously confined to the man himself, without any moralizing or reflections such as often swell the pages and annoy the reader. There is not a page to be skipped or skimmed."—*Rev. M. G. Pearse, in Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

PARSON JAQUES, AND HIS CHIPS AND CHATS. By J. O. KEEN, D.D.

"A very clever little book, dealing, in a peculiarly racy and fresh style, with many important subjects."—*Christian Age*.

These or any Books post free on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Address—
 A. TRENGROVE, 26 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

"UNWIN'S NOVEL SERIES."

These Volumes average about 300 pp. each, small crown 8vo, and are clearly printed and strongly bound in limp cloth, 2s. each.

Volume III. Just Ready.

CONCERNING OLIVER KNOX.

By G. COLMORE.

"This story is powerfully written. . . . Told with realistic skill."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"It is a most exciting story, full of incident and vivid character sketches."—*European Mail*.

Volume I.

GLADYS FANE. By T. WEMYSS REID.
Fifth Edition.

"Mr. Wemyss Reid has certainly by this book gained a place well to the front among the novelists of the class now living and writing among us."—*Saturday Review*.

Volume II.

MRS. KEITH'S CRIME. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. Third Edition.

"The irresistible fascination of this story renders it specially suited to the form in which it now appears."—*Sheffield Independent*.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

"The best of all children's Magazines."—*Spectator*.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

For 1889.

Conducted by MARY MAPES DODGE.

Price One Shilling Monthly.

AN "ALL-AROUND THE WORLD" YEAR.

ST. NICHOLAS for the coming year will tell English boys and girls of the thousands of millions of children of other countries: of French girls in their little black alpaca aprons, and German girls with their flaxen hair, and Italian boys with their dark eyes, and clever American children (the cleverest take in *St. Nicholas*), and little Chinese maidens, with their almond-eyes and long pig-tails, and woolly-headed African pickaninnies. Of the homes of all these children, of the toys of the shy Japanese, of the pine-woods of the blue-eyed Norwegians, of the furs and tobogganning of the Canadians, of the gum-trees and kangaroos of the Australians, of the sharks and clear blue seas of the chocolate-skinned South Sea Islanders—in fact, of nearly everything that amuses girls and interests boys, from the nursery rhymes of the Hottentot mothers to the guns and spears that the Icelandic fathers use to kill the white bears, *St. Nicholas* means to tell its readers in Great Britain and Ireland.

Subscription for One Year, post free, 14s.

Single Copy, 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.

Subscriptions can be booked at all Booksellers', Bookstalls, and Newsvendors.

A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR ALL CHILDREN IS VOLUME XV. OF
ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

In TWO PARTS, price 8s. each.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

**** No Books can possibly be so cheap as Magazine Annuals, and they are especially adapted for HOME GIFTS and PARISH LIBRARIES.**

"HOME WORDS" Publications.

EDITED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

The New Volume of THE FIRESIDE PICTORIAL 1888 (in crimson cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.) contains 960 pages, with more than 120 Art Illustrations. The Enlargement to 80 pages Monthly has secured for this Magazine a position in cheapness of production surpassed by none.

PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

The Record, November 23, 1888, says: "**The Fireside** volume for 1888 keeps up the high character of the periodical. The judicious mixture of religious and literary matter with fiction and poetry is well maintained. Those readers must indeed be hard to please who can find nothing to suit them in its pages. Among the contributors are the Bishops of Rochester, Exeter, and Ossory, Canons Bardsley and Wynne, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Gilberne, and Miss Holt. Our Portrait Gallery, Practical Papers, and 'The Royal Account Book,' are particularly interesting. Mr. Symington's biographical sketches, too, are excellent. Of the 'Science, Art, and History' department, history takes the lion's share, and anecdotes selected by the Editor occupy a prominent place in the division entitled 'Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.'"

NEW VOLUME begins with the January Number, now ready. Further Improvements have been made, and we would advise our Readers to procure a copy before deciding on a Magazine for 1889.

The New Volume of HOME WORDS, 1888 (in blue cloth), 2s. contains 288 pages, with 73 first-class Engravings.

The Record, November 23, 1888, says: "**Home Words** in its pretty blue cover rejoices our eyes as usual. It appears to us an excellent parish magazine for Ecangelical Churchmen to distribute, and certainly for a Christmas present to an artisan or his wife, we know of few more appropriate volumes. Well got up, full of pictures, it is attractive to the eye, and its letterpress contains good food for the mind no less than amusement for leisure hours and spiritual counsel for serious moments."

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER says: "The wider its circulation, the greater will be the gain to the public."

The New Volume of DAY OF DAYS, 1888 (in blue cloth, 2s.), contains 288 pages, with over 42 Illustrations. **DAY OF DAYS** is a companion Magazine to **HOME WORDS**, and contains 24 pages. Monthly One Penny.

The Record, November 23, 1888, says: "**The Day of Days** could hardly be improved as a Sunday Book for the masses. We heartily recommend our old friend, and wish it a wide circulation."

PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER says: "Runs an even race with the favourite **HOME WORDS**."

The New Volume of HAND AND HEART, 1888 (crimson cloth, 2s.), contains 142 pages, with 50 Illustrations by the best artists. Monthly One Penny. 16 pages Illustrated.

The Record, November 23, 1888, says: "**Hand and Heart** should be a popular volume in Working Men's Reading-rooms and Clubs. Temperance work, public events, poetry, tales and biography share the space with excellent 'Sunday Readings.' The wives and children are not forgotten, and the type, pictures and general get-up are all that could be desired."

THE GLOBE says: "One of the brightest papers with which we are acquainted."

TO THE CLERGY.—To further the still wider introduction of these Magazines in Parishes, a SINGLE COPY of each of the New Annuals will be sent at HALF-PRICE to any Clergyman, by the Manager, Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, 7, Paternoster Square.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, 7, PATERNOSTER SQ., & 1, WHITE HART STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BOOKS FOR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

1. **THE FIVE TALENTS OF WOMAN.** A Book for Girls and Young Women. By the Rev. E. J. HARDY. Sq. Imperial 16mo, cloth, Presentation Edition, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box, 7s. 6d.
2. **"MANNERS MAKETH MAN."** Popular Edition, cloth, 3s. 6d. Imperial 16mo, cloth, 6s.; Fine Edition, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box, 7s. 6d.
"A really delightful volume, well adapted for family reading."—*Christian World*.
3. **PAINT, YET PURSUING.** Square Imperial 16mo, cloth, 6s. Cheaper Edition, 3s. 6d.
"One of the most practical and readable volumes of sermons ever published. They must have been eminently hearable."—*British Weekly*.
4. **HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.** Small crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Bridal Gift Edition, white vellum cloth, extra gilt, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box, 7s. 6d.
"We strongly recommend this book as one of the best of wedding presents. It is a complete handbook to an earthly Paradise, and its author may be regarded as the Murray of Matrimony and the Baedeker of Bliss."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A REFERENCE BOOK FOR CLERGYMEN, JOURNALISTS, AND STUDENTS.

2 Vols. Large crown 8vo, half Cloth, gilt top, 21s.

PROVERBS, MAXIMS, AND PHRASES OF ALL AGES.

Classified subjectively, and arranged alphabetically.

By ROBERT CHRISTY.

"Excellent printed and strongly bound, these two volumes constitute a very valuable addition to the reference library."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SEVENTH EDITION, crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 7s. 6d.

TWO ROYAL LIVES: Gleanings from the Lives of the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany. With many Portraits and Illustrations.
"Within the compass of the single handy volume the authoress skilfully contrives to glance at a large number of personal and national topics. She draws a pretty picture of 'unser Fritz.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

CHEAP AND POPULAR EDITION, Portrait and Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE LIVES OF ROBERT AND MARY MOFFAT. By their Son, JOHN SMITH MOFFAT.

"An inspiring record of calm, brave, wise work, and will find a place of value on the honoured shelf of missionary biography. The biographer has done his work with reverent care, and in a straightforward, unaffected style."—*Contemporary Review*.

THE "LIVES WORTH LIVING" SERIES

Of Popular Biographies.

Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. per vol.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. LEADERS OF MEN. By H. A. PAGE, Author of "Golden Lives." Fourth Edition. | 4. LABOUR AND VICTORY. By A. H. JAPP, LL.D. Third Edition. |
| 2. WISE WORDS and LOVING DEEDS. By E. CONDER GRAY. Sixth Edition. | 5. HEROIC ADVENTURE. Third Edition. |
| 3. MASTER MISSIONARIES. By A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Third Edition. | 6. GREAT MINDS IN ART. By WILLIAM TOEHLERICK. Second Edition. |

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

WORKS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD,

21 & 22, Fumival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

Crown 8vo, 842 pp., cloth boards, gilt edges, price 6s.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. GOODWYN LEWIS.

CHILDHOOD and YOUTH. By JAMES DUNCKLEY, Author of "A Saviour for Children," &c.

"Mr. Dunckley can instruct even while he amuses."—*Baptist Magazine*.

"Teachers may read this book with advantage."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

"Mr. Dunckley's volume will take a high place among sermons to children."—*British Weekly*.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt, 1s. 6d., post free.

TALKS with BREAD-WINNERS. By the Rev. WALTER J. MATHAMS, Falkirk, N.B., Author of "Fireside Parables," "Rough Sermons," &c.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON says:—"Mr. W. J. Mathams has a homely and earnest style which secures him a hearing."—*Sword and Trowel*.

The *Christian Leader* says:—"Mr. Mathams is a man of ready fluency. This is the most excellent piece of workmanship among the many good bits he has turned out."

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, red edges, price 2s. 6d., post free.

SACRED THEMES and FAMOUS PAINTINGS. By the Rev. DAVID DAVIES, Author of "Echoes from the Welsh Hills," "Christ Magnified," &c.

"If we were members of the Royal Academy we should give Mr. Davies a commission to describe our paintings and interpret their meaning."—*Freeman*.

Crown 8vo, cloth, red edges, price 3s. 6d., post free.

GOD WITHIN US, and other Sermons. By the Rev. J. COATS SHANKS.

Mr. SPURGEON, in the *Sword and Trowel*, says:—"These sermons are excellent in matter and vivid in style."

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 2s. 6d., post free.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS for the DAY of REST. By the Rev. J. R. WOOD, Upper Holloway.

"The fruit of close and patient study of the Divine Word."—*Baptist Magazine*.

New and Revised Edition (18th Thousand), limp cloth, price 6d.

OUR PRINCIPLES: A Congregationalist Church Manual. By the Rev. G. B. JOHNSON. This Handbook is designed to guide those holding or seeking fellowship in Congregational Churches. It sets forth the Principles and Polity of Congregational Independents, and supplies practical counsels on Worship and Life.

Dr. PARKER says, in the *Christian Chronicle*:—"It is an admirable manual, and our deacons would do well to place a copy in the hands of every young person received into Church membership. The author's address is sure to bespeak a careful study of the succeeding pages."

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s., post free.

THE ETERNAL LIFE, and other Sermons. By the Rev. D. RHYNS JENKINS, of Southampton.

"We are glad to give this good book a cordial recommendation."—*The Methodist Recorder*.

Now ready, price 1s.

A GRAMMAR of HARMONY. An Attempt to Scientifically Trace and Simply Arrange the Laws of Musical Chords. By J. HUNT COOKE.

"Instead of offering one of those meagre and purposeless *rechauffés* of large works, to which certain professors are fond of securing their names attached, the writer has, in some respects, fairly made good his claim to greater simplicity and a more logical grouping of the laws of musical chords."—*The Musical World*.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 2s., post free.

MIND AND BRAIN. By EDWIN DEAN, M.D., LL.D. Section I.—The Physiological Argument. Section II.—The Psychological Argument.

"This work is a powerful defence of the spirituality of man's nature. Dr. Dean is a physician in extensive practice, and he is evidently familiar with all the physiological and psychological arguments of modern philosophers; and he examines, refutes, and demolishes them with a patience, skill, and courtesy which are remarkable and impressive. The volume is instructive, stimulating, and suggestive; though handsomely got up, it costs but two shillings."—*Sword and Trowel*.

FOR TRUSTEES AND OTHERS. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d., post free.

THE LAW of CHARITIES and MORTMAIN. A Handbook. By WILLIAM J. DISTURNAL, B.A., LL.B., late Law Scholar and Prizeman of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

THE CHEAPEST EDITION ISSUED. Price Sixpence.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT. The Act to amend the Laws relating to Local Government in England and Wales.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's New List.

BY THE REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS, and other Medieval Sketches. By the

Author of "Arcady: For Better, for Worse," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"A pleasant and erudite guide to the byways of history."—*Scotsman*.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Madame Darmesteter).

THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES: Essays and Questions in History.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

"It is an inspiring and agreeable companion."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Now ready, Illustrated, demy 8vo, cloth, 21s.

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. (Fourteenth Century.) By J. J. JUSSELAND. Translated from the French by LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

The Author has supervised the translation, and has added about a third of new matter, so that the volume differs to a great degree from "La Vie Nomade." Many of the illustrations are taken from illuminated manuscripts, and have never been published before.

AMOS KILBRIGHT: His Adscititious Adventures. With other Stories. By

FRANK R. STOCKTON. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Illustrated by

E. W. KEMBLE and A. C. REDWOOD. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

RIDES AND STUDIES IN THE CANARY ISLES. By CHARLES EDWARDES.

With many Illustrations and Maps.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

OLD CHELSEA: A Summer Day's Stroll. By BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"Dr. Martin has written a charming book. Mr. Pennell has added an attraction to the letter-press in his quaint and admirably executed illustrations."—*Glasgow Herald*.

SECOND AND CHEAPER EDITION.

THE FLEET: Its River, Prison, and Marriages. By JOHN ASHTON, Author of

"The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century." With 70 Drawings by the Author from Original Pictures. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"He has produced an extremely interesting and practically exhaustive history of the Fleet. The numerous reproductions of old prints of views and scenes greatly enhance the value of the book."—*Magazine of Art*.

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

CHESS. By LOUIS TYLOR. Parchment, 3s. 6d.

"A very clever book. It would be difficult to speak too highly of Mr. Tylor's play of fancy, and bright, quaint wit."—*Morning Post*.

Now ready, cloth, demy 8vo, price 6s.

BIBLE TRUTHS AND CHURCH ERRORS. Including a Lecture upon

"John Bunyan not a Baptist;" also "Day School Education in St. Albans." By Rev. WILLIAM URWICK, M.A., St. Albans.

Boards, 1s.

THE GREAT DIVINE SECRET. By Rev. W. ROBERTS, Author of "The History of Balaam," &c.

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION.

INSPIRATION AND THE BIBLE: An Inquiry. By R. F. HORTON. Crown

8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The churches owe him a debt of gratitude for this powerful apologia."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, D.D. SECOND EDITION.

THE HOUSE AND ITS BUILDER. With other Discourses: A Book for the

Doubtful. Crown 8vo, paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

"They are of a cheerful, reassuring tone, and will prove helpful to many minds."—*Scotsman*.

GREATER LONDON AND ITS GOVERNMENT: A Manual and Year-Book for Electors, Citizens, and Ratepayers, and for Members of the County Council of London, City Corporation, School Board, Boards of Guardians, Vestries, and District Boards. By GEORGE WHALE. With Statistical, Financial, and other Papers. Crown 8vo, paper, 1s.; half-cloth, 2s.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.



BRAND AND CO.'S A1 SAUCE.

An Excellent Relish for all kinds of Soups, Meats, Fish,
Entrees, &c.

Sole Address: No. 11, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair.

THE CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF
MINISTERS, CATERHAM, SURREY. President and Treasurer: Rev. J. VINEY. Head
Master: Rev. T. RUDD, B.A. Accommodation is provided for 150 pupils. Funds at present
are sufficient only for about 134. The Education consists of the usual branches of English,
Latin, French, Mathematics, Drawing, and Music. An Annual Examination is held by a
University Examiner. A limited number of lay pupils received. Special attention is
given to the moral character of the boys. There are four Scholars. The three usual
terms and holidays are observed.—Application for admission and further particulars to be
made to the Secretary, the Rev. S. FISHER, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

AT the last Matriculation Examination of the London University all the Candidates from
this School were successful, two gaining Honours, and three being placed in the First
Division.

The village of Tettenhall is situated in a well-wooded district of Staffordshire—three hours
by rail from London; two hours from Manchester. The locality is extremely healthy.

The College is a modern building, with excellent sanitary arrangements, and the buildings
comprise, in addition to ordinary accommodation, a large swimming-bath (heated in winter),
a good gymnasium, fives court, museum, chemical laboratory and lecture-room, and school
chapel.

For prospectus and list of honours apply to the Head Master, Tettenhall College, *via*
Wolverhampton.

The next Term will commence on Thursday, the 17th January, 1889.

The Congregational Review.

JANUARY, 1889.

THE OLD YEAR'S CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

"I am a sojourner in the earth :
Hide not Thy commandments from me."

PSALM cxix. 19. (R.V.)

HASTENING.

A SOJOURNER in this fair earth of Thine,
I have been all my days : and now I know
That, very soon, I must depart from hence.
Each day has brought me hitherward, and there
Is no return ; but I go ever on,
Until the days of sojourning be past.

RETROSPECT.

And yet, my thoughts return to view the way
Through which my feet, unrestingly, have come ;
And, while my forward foot knows not the path
It takes, yet presses on as heretofore,
I can discern some waymarks of the road—
The seen and unseen as I hastened on.

MEMORIALS.

Dim is the outline of the shadow road,
And there are breaks of space without a track.
But *here*, and *there*, are signs infallible,
Which show where I have been ; and while I scan
The vacant distances, I chiefly see
Mementoes which abide for evermore.

GOOD.

I see where Righteousness and Peace did kiss
My tears away as I, in sorrow, came.

VOL. I.

1

THE CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

I see the everlasting hills of Truth,
And streams of Mercy flowing down their sides:
Where, thus, they meet together, I did walk,
And had refreshment on the mount of God.

PROVIDENCE.

The craggy crest of yon mount Providence,
Has felt the pressure of my hasting step.
And *there*, I see the mighty, rolling, stream
Through which the God of all the years did lead
Me all unhurt, and my unsodden feet
Did, then, traverse a land of corn and wine.

EVIL.

One spot I see, as dark as midnight night;
'Twas *there* I stumbled as if I would fall.
There shines a yellow blaze which, from afar,
Did look so fairly white, I went astray
To see its glowing light. But these poor eyes
Had lost their use, had I remained to gaze.

DELIVERANCE.

Wide circuits, to procure some paltry good,
And other windings, I can, now, perceive;
False By-path, near the King's highway, I see,
And see it wind away therefrom, until
It passes underneath the giant's gate;
And marvel at the grace of my escape.

HIDINGS.

And I remember, when I went astray,
I did not see what Thy commandments were,
For they were hidden from my inner sight.
I dare not say Thou hidest them from me:
But they *were* sometimes veiled, and ever, then,
It was I left the road of righteousness.

GUIDANCE.

But, when I saw their light, and felt their power,
I kept the straight, high road of rectitude.
Then, joy was mine, and profitable days:
For Thy commandments, then, revealed pure light
Discovering to me the way of life;
And in their light I did, with safety, run.

NOW AND SOON.

And now, this undiscovered land in front,
 I must pass through. Narrow it is, I know,
 And dark, and many dangers may be there,
 And I shall hurry into them, and find
 Dismay, unless the guiding light of all
 The blessed past shine forth to show the way.

LIGHT.

And now, O Lord, let my last journeying,
 I pray, be free from ill. Hide not Thy word ;
 But let it shine, a lamp unto my feet !
 And on my path let there be light, I pray :
 For, where the light of Thy commandment falls,
 There is the path which leadeth unto God.

SIGHT.

But all the way *is* straight, the light *is* clear !
 They *must be so*, for they are Thine, I know.
 Yet, in these falling days, my sight is dim,
 And I, I fear, shall wander, stumble, fall.
 Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may see
 The wonders of the way of life, and find
 My ancient friends, both Righteousness and Peace,
 To stay with them, at home, for evermore !

P. GRANT.

THE NEW YEAR'S FAITH.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life."—PSALM xvi. 11.

THAT is my comfort, Lord. I know not where
 The path may be ; but, now, I may be sure
 I need not entertain one anxious care ;
 For, if Thou showest, I shall be secure.

I may not know, from any human sign,
 It *is* the way of life, which Thou dost show ;
 But, if Thy presence on the pathway shine,
 It leads to *Life*, wherever it may go.

No wayside inn, for shelter, or for rest,
 Will ever fall within my lot to share ;
 But, I am well assured, it will be best
 To have the constancy of Thine own care.

What the provision of the way may be,
Is all unknown to this young life of mine;
But, as Thou guidest, I shall be with Thee;
And, as I journey, I shall have of Thine.

What in the path may lie I cannot tell;
What heights, or depths, may on the way be found;
But, I believe, Thou doest all things well,
And Thou wilt show the safe and holy ground.

What days the sun will shine, or winds will blow;
When chilling snows, or fruitful rains shall fall,
Before the day, I may not, surely, know;
But 'tis my comfort that Thou knowest all.

So, now, with almost all my strength untried,
With little more than knowledge of great need,
I ask Thy grace to keep me near Thy side,
And for the faith, which clings to Thee, I plead.

Then, whether light, or dark, I still shall know
It is the way of *Life* to walk with Thee,—
Shall trust Thy love, till Thou shalt clearly show
The *Life* which *is*, and evermore shall be.

I know not when I shall attain that end,
But, I rejoice, it must be day by day;
For I shall have the True, and Living Friend,
To keep me company, and show THE WAY.

P. GRANT.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in a speech at the late Birmingham demonstration, stirred the feelings of his audience to special enthusiasm when, rising above the controversies of the hour, he laid down a great and enduring principle, which is as applicable to religion as to political activity. "Dominions, thrones, principalities, and powers—I care little for them, except in so far as they are instrumental in making more men happier and happier in a better way. Most of us here care, I think, only for politics except so far as they directly, or indirectly, remotely or immediately,

lead to more light, more comfort, being shed into the cottage and the home." Such a conception serves to redeem politics from the contempt into which they have fallen, not altogether undeservedly, by raising them from a battle about flags and watchwords, where they do not sink to a lower level still, into an earnest effort for the triumph of a policy which shall contribute to the elevation and happiness of the community. It is a remarkable utterance, as showing how the minds of statesmen are being turned from the more seductive paths of what has too readily been a "spirited policy" to the humbler and less outwardly attractive ways of practical thought and care for the sufferings and sorrows of men so far as they can be traced to the action of the State.

The politics of the future must undoubtedly have more of this character. It will not be enough for a great statesman that he has maintained or increased the influence of his country abroad, if he has been indifferent to the increase of poverty and crime at home. There is no point on which the intelligence of the nineteenth century is more unanimous or more profoundly convinced than this, that the presence of wild Saharas of ignorance, squalid misery, and godless wickedness in the very centre of our boasted civilization is not to be accepted as a normal condition of things to which, therefore, we must reconcile ourselves as easily as we can. Philanthropy may often weary us by its gushing professions or its impracticable proposals, but its representations rest on too solid a basis of fact to be disregarded, and if its remedial suggestions exhibit more of right feeling than of sound judgment, those who claim to be of more sober mind must supply the element which they declare to be lacking. The cry of the children trained in the neglect of all that is sacred and pure, the wail of misery from half-starved toilers to whom life is one prolonged agony, the profane and brutal defiance of society by those who fear not God neither regard man, with its edified laws and conventional virtues, have made themselves heard, and, if they are ignored, men will be compelled, sooner or later, to listen to the menaces of vengeance from those made

desperate and reckless through the bitter and crushing experiences of suffering and misery.

But if politics must accept the elevation of the people as the primary effect, how much more must it be so in relation to religion. Christianity was never more sure of holding its ground than at the present moment, and for this reason, that its professors were never more thoroughly alive to their obligation to make it a living force for the regeneration of society in all its parts. Altering somewhat the words of the statesman, we may say, "Creeds, churches, rituals, crowds of adherents—what are they all, except in so far as they bless the world by bringing it under the reviewing influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He came to seek and save that which was lost, and the religion which does not make this work its first business is not filled with His Spirit, and is not fulfilling His great purpose." This is the idea which has been grasped by numbers, and is being more translated into holy and gracious deeds by those who have come under its power. It would be folly to deny the existence of weaknesses and failings which may cause reasonable anxiety, but no one who wishes fairly to estimate the power of our present-day religion will leave out of sight this remarkable feature. Never were there so many hearts full of deep spiritual sympathy and Christian purpose; never was there present in the Church so true and daring a spirit of enterprise; and never were there such multitudes ready to execute its behests and address themselves to the work of the hour, whatever it may be. If some who fix their eyes so wistfully upon the lost blessings of the past, and seem never to weary of mourning over the departed orthodoxy and fervour of their youth, would look sympathetically on the cheering signs of the present, they might not only free themselves from much unnecessary tribulation, but they would show more true faith in God by recognizing His presence in the work of the day. There have been centuries which were more occupied in the building up of creeds, others whose attention has been largely, perhaps too largely, engaged about the organization or ritual. This is the century of

work, and work of every variety. The Church feels, as perhaps it never felt before, the stirrings of a true humanity.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, than whom Positivism has no more convinced believer, and no more eloquent apostle, in the course of a brilliant *apologia*, which is clearly intended as a reply to the attack of Mr. Arthur Balfour, attributes this development to the influence of what he calls the "humanitarian wave." This wave, he tells us,

Surged over Europe in the generation before the French Revolution in every word of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Hume, Adam Smith, Gibbon, Lessing, Goethe, and in all the humane movements of the last hundred years : and under its influence the Christian bodies began to talk the spirit of the age and the ideal of humanity.

This daring suggestion, that the unbelievers, the encyclopedists, the sceptical philosophers of the last century, have been the influence which has roused the Church of Christ to the cultivation of Christian graces too long suffered to lie dormant, and the discharge of duties whose neglect had for ages been a reproach to the religion they professed, has at least the merit of novelty. We should be the last to doubt that outside movements have had a powerful effect on the Church. It is a society of men, and men do not live in the midst of a volcanic outburst like the French Revolution without being more or less affected by it. To recognize this is one thing, to attribute the remarkable development of a broad humanitarian spirit to Voltaire and Hume, Diderot, and Goethe, is something very different. One of the earliest indications of that new temper was the great movement for the emancipation of the slave, which surely was distinctively Christian in its inception and in all its proceedings. Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, were not men who had come under the influence of any "humanitarian wave" from the Continent. Would it not be, to put it in the mildest form, as reasonable to say that to them and their noble coadjutors, the principles they laid down, and the earnest appeals they addressed to the Christian conscience, we are

largely indebted for the new tone of our religious life. Mr. Harrison seems to have strangely left out of account the religious forces which, since the commencement of the period, have been working so powerfully. The Evangelical Revival, although the doctrines taught by some of its leaders might seem to point in the opposite direction, was humanitarian in its spirit and tendencies, and by it, far more than by the influences to which Mr. F. Harrison refers, has the tone and character of our nineteenth-century Christianity been determined. He proceeds:

The humanitarian idea has permeated Christianity far more deeply than Christianity affects modern humanists. If it were not so the Churches would long ago have perished. They still flourish, because they have so largely adapted their tone to the modern humanism. Their ideal Christ is often now a reflection of the ideal Humanity. The ideal Humanity has made them better conceive the ideal Christ, and has given a far deeper meaning to the religion of Christ. It is quite true that Positivism has been evolved out of Christianity, and it is a development of Christianity.

To the Christian mind there seems here a strange admixture of truth and error, and in one point, at least, an absolute reversal of cause and effect. Instead of saying that the "ideal Christ is often now a reflection of the ideal Humanity," it would surely be more correct to say that this new religion of Humanity has taken its ideal from the Christ. As much is confessed when it is said that Positivism has been evolved out of Christianity. It is true we are told that it incorporates also Science and Philosophy, but that does not alter its obligations to the gospel, from which it has derived all that gives it moral character and force. If the preciousness of man be with it a fundamental principle, where is it taught with such fulness as in the Revelation, which tells us that he has been made "a little lower than God" (Psalm viii., Revised Version), and whose most glorious message is that for us men and our salvation the Son of God was incarnate and was crucified. Nowhere else can be found so exalted a conception of the preciousness of man as that presented in the Cross on which his redemption was wrought out. There needed no other

influence to awaken a spirit of humanity in a religion of which the Cross is the centre. The Crucified has come to seek and to save the lost, and His message to the world is that they who would be His disciples must follow in His steps, that whatever act of sympathy or mercy they do to the sorrowing and suffering is accepted as a service of love and loyal allegiance to Him.

Whatever the modern spirit has done for Christianity, it cannot have introduced into it any element which was not there before. Ours is no secret cult with unknown or undefined principles, continually varying with the changing conditions of society or the successive phases of intellectual development. The human interpretation may change, but the record of the life, the work, and the teaching of Christ remains the same. If the humanitarian idea has permeated Christianity, as we fully believe it has, it is because it permeates the New Testament, and especially the ministry of the Lord Himself. With Him are no high-sounding phrases about Humanity, but the tenderest thought and care for men. He does not even content Himself with interest in the great bodies of men, but seeks after individuals. Incident upon incident, full of infinite pathos as well as profound wisdom, emphasizes this. The Samaritan woman with whom He conversed at Jacob's well; the penitent in Simon's house who sat at His feet and wept; the publican who had piled up a fortune by unjust exactions from the poor, whose wealth could not purchase for him a place in society; the thief on the cross,—were not very attractive in themselves, but they were human beings, and because they were such the Lord poured out the wealth of His sympathy upon them. These stories have not been interpolated in the book. They have been there always, and they are in harmony with the entire spirit of the gospel.

It is one of the bitterest satires which could be directed against the Churches that they have so interpreted and misrepresented Christianity as to leave an opening for such a suggestion as that of Mr. Harrison. Still, with all the deficiencies and shortcomings of men in their

attempts to represent the Divine thought, this element, on which the critic strongly and rightly insists, has not been ignored. He tells us that "the Positivist view of religion is far more akin to the Christian view than it is to the Unitarian or Deistic view; it is more akin to the orthodox view of Christianity than to the latitudinarian, and it is far more akin to the mediæval view of Christianity than to the modern." Yet it is this mediævalism, with its exaltation of priests and sacraments, with its stern insistence on the tithes of mint and anise, and neglect of the weightier matters of the law, which has been the principal cause of the miserable travesty which has too often been palmed off upon the world as the religion of Jesus Christ. We should be the very last to undervalue the work which the mediæval Church did for the poor, but that cannot prevent us from seeing how, in its endeavour to build the power of the hierarchy, it forgot its first duties to humanity. The individual priest may be full of the spirit of kindness, and abound in deeds of charity, but the institution of which he is a representative is from its very nature hostile to those ideas of individual right and liberty which must enter into a true religion of humanity. Besides, a sacerdotal caste is sure to attach special importance to the mystical and ceremonial, and so throw into the shade what may be esteemed the more commonplace virtues of daily life. Unfortunately, Protestantism in renouncing some of the errors of the Romish Church was not able wholly to purge itself from the old leaven. Hence the idea of the gospel has been too often obscured. Mr. Harrison is right when he says that "religion does not mean a metaphysical doctrine about the origin of the universe and man's condition after death; it means the combination of beliefs and customs which train him to live the best life in the completest way, and narrowing down religion to two dialectical problems, they neglect its copious volume of practical power." It may be that there has been a tendency in Protestantism to attach too high a value to orthodoxy, just as the mediæval Church has ascribed special virtue to obedience to priests and obser-

vance of sacraments. But in so doing both have failed to do justice to the idea of Christianity as God's plan for winning man back to Himself.

But whenever there has been a quickening of spiritual life and an effort to return to primitive truth and simplicity, there has been a revival of this enthusiasm of humanity. It was so, for example, in the case of Wycliffe. He was not only a mighty preacher, but a great reformer, and a reformer in State as well as in the Church, whose political creed was on the lines laid down in the sentence from Mr. John Morley with which this article opened. Wycliffe does not stand alone in this. Indeed, making allowance for the bias of education and circumstances, the great Evangelical teacher has generally been the friend of the people, and where he has failed in this respect he has fallen below the New Testament ideal, and in doing so has weakened the influence of the message he had to deliver to the world.

The Church has been hampered in its work by its failure to grasp the full significance of the Divine revelation to Peter—"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean." The principle which these words contain is fatal to the distinction between the spiritual and the secular duties of life. But even to-day there are numbers, perhaps the majority of Christian professors, who cannot bring themselves to believe that a man who seeks to apply Christian principle to political affairs can be a spiritual man. There are evils in the world whose name is legion, and there are mighty forces contending on their behalf. But in the view of such men the Christian should leave the conflict that gathers around them to be fought out by others, or if he himself takes part in it, he must be content to be described as deficient in spirituality. In this view the best Christian is he who never raises his voice on behalf of the oppressed, or in condemnation of his oppressor; who never enters a protest against the injustice perpetrated by authority or sanctioned by fashion; who, in a tone of half-pitying contempt, is ready to say, "Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds;" and who forgets

that the earth is the Lord's, and that he, as one of His servants, is here to subdue it to His sway. This is the idea of Christian life which has laid it open to the attacks of Positivism; and the only way by which we can beat them back is by exhibiting a broader, a more genial, a more courageous, and a more enthusiastic humanity. We have one incalculable advantage which Positivism can never possess. We have the living Christ, and in faithfulness to Him, in submission to His Spirit, in the endeavour to reach the ideal which He has presented, we shall do the noblest service to our race.

Nothing surprises us more in Mr. Harrison's *apologia* than the very slight reference he makes to the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing can be more scathing or, at the same time, better deserved than the withering scorn he pours upon some of the modern substitutes for Christian belief.

The superfine idealism (he says), the ontological purism, and the sentimental dreaminess which the philosopher and the theosophist propound as the modern substitutes for God's Providence and Salvation by Christ, are the dry rot of all healthy Christian belief. Of all the foes of orthodoxy, philosophic theism, and philosophic doubt, in the very pulpit are the worst. Spencer and Darwin stand outside, and Christians can answer them out of their Bibles and their creeds. But National Theology in a surplice, talking German metaphysics and modern science, is indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Were it only against such adversaries as these that Positivism had to contend, its task might not be so difficult. But before it can be successful, it has first to destroy, not a metaphysical theology, but a living faith in a living Christ, and when it has done that, it has to show how it will maintain that love of humanity which is its great virtue without the power of the Christ. It was not in the world before Christ came. What reason is there to believe that it would survive the loss of the force which has gone forth from Him through the ages, and which is going forth from Him still? In short, Positivists have to answer the old question, just as perplexing now as when it was first asked, "What will ye do with Jesus who is

called the Christ?" They may get rid of metaphysics and theology, but that does not help them in dealing with this tremendous problem. But were it possible for them to succeed here, they who desire a religion that shall unite men in bonds of true brotherhood, that shall bring might into subjection to the higher and nobler law of right, a religion of sympathy and of mercy, will be confronted with a question if possible still more difficult—"What will ye do without Jesus the Christ?"

This is the point which Mr. Harrison does not face. He is severe, and rightly so, upon a "luminary of the Church" who declares that the idea of God must be "defecated to a pure transparency." "Imagine," he adds, "the apostles going out into all lands to preach the name of One 'defecated to a pure transparency.'" But it is equally impossible to conceive of the apostles going forth to hold up humanity as "an object of love, veneration, and devotion." What they did was to hold up Jesus the Christ, whom Mr. Harrison quietly drops out of his system. Very much of his criticism on Christianity is wasted, because he deals with the metaphysical theology which has too often been substituted for it instead of recognizing that its abiding force is in Christ Himself. In his view the advance of science has made the belief in the Incarnation and all that it includes impossible.

To the old theology (he tells us) the earth was the grand centre and sum of the universe, and the other heavenly bodies were adjuncts and auxiliaries to it. With a geocentric astronomy as the root-idea of science, the anthropomorphic Creator, the celestial resurrection, and the Divine Atonement were natural and homogeneous ideas. No one can conceive the scheme of salvation growing up with anything but a geocentric system of thought.

In opposition to this confident assertion it may be said that, whatever the science of the Old Testament writers, they were certainly not insensible to the grandeur of the universe or the littleness of man. If they believed in a real communion between God and man, it was not because they thought man so great, but because they believed God

to be so infinitely gracious and condescending. The eighth Psalm alone is sufficient to prove this, but it is so far from being alone that all through the songs of the prophets and sacred bards we continually hear the refrain, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Thus the Psalmist says, "He healeth the broken in heart, He bindeth up their wounds, He telleth the number of the stars, He giveth them all their names." The contrast had impressed his mind between the glory of the Ruler of the heavens and the sharer of the sorrows and cares of weak human hearts. The discoveries of science have intensified the contrast, but that is all. The universe is vaster as science teaches us, but what is vastness in the view of the Infinite? Astronomy will not rob us of the Christ; but were such a calamity possible, what hope would there be of the survival of the ideas of which He has been the author, or of the motives of which He is the inspiration? It is Christ who has awakened the enthusiasm of humanity in others by manifesting it Himself. Alas for humanity should it ever be robbed of Him!

FAMILY DEVOTION.

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

[DR. PARKER is preparing a Family Prayer Book, which will probably be published before the year is out. We are enabled to print a few of the Services in advance, the author, of course, reserving all rights.]

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN preparing this book of Family Prayers, I have proceeded upon the conviction that prayer is larger than petition. To me the very essence of prayer is communion with God—a sweet and tender communion in which the soul is absorbed in ecstatic contemplation and homage. As will be seen from the book itself, the detail of family life is by no means neglected, yet I have endeavoured to discourage the pious selfishness which too often confines its desires

and aspiration within the narrowest limits. My object has been to fill the soul with religious thought and feeling in view of the battle and labour and sorrow which come upon our life day by day. To help a suppliant in prayer, to find words for his soul when he would speak with God, is a service suggestive of a possibility which thrills me with joy.

I.

Great peace have they that love Thy law. If we had hearkened unto Thy commandments, O God, our peace had flowed as a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea. We would acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace with Him. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Almighty God, we bow down before Thee in spirit, and bless Thee for a peace which the world did not give, and which the world cannot take away. This peace Thou hast given us in Christ Jesus Thy Son. The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace. We bless Thee for silence, for quiet moments, for hours on the mountain-top and in the solitude where no man can find us. We thank Thee for every glimpse of light, for every tone of whispered love, for every proof of Thy nearness and care. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; we cannot understand ourselves—how then can we understand the Most High? Enable us to be patient, watchful, devout, and trustful, knowing that all clouds shall be blown away, and that the clear light from heaven shall shine on all our troubled life. We have sinned against Thee by impatience. We have not accepted Thine own way of life and thought and action, but have urged ourselves upon Thee

almost with violence. From this time forth we will say: The will of the Lord be done, bring with it what it may—joy or sadness, gain or loss. If Thou wilt teach us to say this from our hearts, we shall have no more disquietude or pain in life. Thou hast led us by a wonderful way. If we could have foreseen all the road, we dare not have taken one step upon it; but Thou givest the days to us one by one; with no heritage of years dost Thou trust us, but with one day, with one short hour, with the sunrise and the sunset: this is the way of the Lord, and we have proved it to be good. We know not what a day may bring forth, nor would we know, for that knowledge would be pain, that revelation would be sadness, perhaps despair. Lord, hold our eyes that we may not see to-morrow. Thou dost always give us sleep before calling us to the next day's duty and trial; when Thou hast given Thy beloved sleep, then we can await the coming day without fear or shame; teach us that our weakness is our strength, and that our want of knowledge should lead us into deeper and larger fellowship with Thyself.

This day would we know, as we have never known before, how unspeakable is the peace which Thou canst work in the heart of man. Teach us that there is no peace for the wicked, and that not until we have confessed our sins at the cross of Christ can we receive the mystery of the blessing of peace. Turn us away from our own inventions, and destroy within us all hope of vain expectations; then lead us to the infinite salvation wrought out by the death and the resurrection of our Lord. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and on iniquity Thou canst not look. Search us and try us, and see if there be in us any wicked way, and lead us in the way of holiness. Thou wilt bring down the haughty to destruction, and drive away from Thee the proud with contempt, but with the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful, with the upright Thou wilt show Thyself upright, and with the pure Thou wilt show Thyself pure. The wicked shall be crushed before Thee with great power, for Thou canst not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, but Thy people Thou wilt bless with peace.

Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost abide with us, that we use the world as not abusing it, and continually seek a city out of sight, a city that hath foundations whose Builder and Maker is God. Amen.

II.

Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Fight the good fight of faith. The Lord is a man of war. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Resist the devil and he will flee from you. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

Father of us all, Eternal Comforter, Thy Word is sure ; Thy promise can never fail. Strength of our own we have none. In our souls there is no answer to the cruel tempter. Our answer is in Christ ; our armour is the armour of God. Thou knowest how weak we are, and how easily we yield to the voice that lures us into forbidden places. When we follow the tempter Thou dost smite us in judgment yet in mercy ; not to destroy, but to save our souls is the purpose of all our chastisements. When we have fought in our own strength our wounds have been many, and but for Thy grace they would have been fatal. That we are this day the living to praise Thee is the miracle of Thy love. Glory and praise be unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ for the protection of our life, and the continuance of every ministry that nourishes and trains our soul. For the repose and security of the night we bless the Lord. Help

every good man who this day shall fight for God. Give every soldier of the cross foresight, courage, absolute and glowing confidence in the protection of God and the blessed issue of every holy war.

The Lord forgive us ; the Lord direct us ; the Lord forsake not the work of His own hands. Lord, this winter day bring summer to our souls. Glory and honour, majesty and dominion, be unto Him who died upon the cross, and who rose again to complete in intercession what He began in condescension and agony. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our heavenly Father, the fellowship and comfort of the Holy Ghost be with all brave men making them braver, with all fearful spirits reviving their courage, with all sick and dying men giving them assurance of immortality. Into Thy hand we commend our spirits. Now that we have spoken with the Lord we go forth without fear to the work of the passing day. Lord, take each of us by the hand. Amen.

III.

Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, we thank Thee that Thy hand shall lead us, and that Thy right hand shall hold us. We need no other guidance ; we ask no other strength. Whilst our eyes are lifted up unto the hills whence cometh our help, may nothing rise between them and the sight they seek, to prevent the glory and completeness of the vision. Lift up Thy Spirit as a standard against the enemy, lest he take advantage of our weakness and turn away our eyes from beholding the King in His beauty.

We open the day by communion with the Spirit of eternity. Comfort us by Thy word, stablish us by Thy grace, direct us by Thy wisdom ; let Thy hand lead us, and Thy right hand hold us evermore. We have been foolish before Thee ; we have done evil with both hands earnestly ; we have wandered far from the sanctuary, and have sought

the darkness, that in its concealment we might commit our sin; but we repent before the Lord, and cry unto our offended Father for mercy and for pardon. Thou delightest to forgive. We pray at the cross of Christ, because that is the appointed altar, and there the sacrifice was made which is ever acceptable unto God. For all such desires we bless Thee, for they purify the heart, and fill the soul with a new gladness. Such desires are Thine own creation; the very miracle of Thy grace and love. Thou wilt not deny Thyself; Thou wilt surely answer the prayer which Thou hast inspired.

We go forth this day to do our duty; to carry our burden; to endure what pain Thou mayest see fit to inflict upon us. Assure us that Thy hand shall lead us, and Thy right hand shall hold us. We are not orphans, but are children of the living God. We can look up to heaven for wisdom, as we can look up to the cross for pardon; and we are assured that to our cry for light Thou wilt send the rising of the sun. The very hairs of our head are all numbered. In Thy government there are no accidents, nor can there be any mischance that shows disregard on the part of our Father. In this faith we live, and in this confidence we would conduct all the affairs of life. Our hunger Thou wilt regard as a prayer. Our thirst shall be unto Thee as a cry for deliverance. Yea, all our necessity shall commend us anew to Thy gentle care. Whilst Thou dost preserve our body and direct the issues of our present dying life, do Thou feed and nourish the soul, and give strength to the heart that cries for Thee as for its Eternal Father. Give us plentifully of heavenly bread, and lead us to the river of God, which is full of water; then shall we be abundantly satisfied, and at eventide we shall say Thy hand has led us, and Thy right hand has held us. Amen.

TOLSTOI AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

In a recent number of the English magazine called *The Nineteenth Century*, Matthew Arnold presented a study of Tolstoi. I cannot think that the article itself says the last word of Tolstoi, but the occurrence is noteworthy for the reason that of all living men perhaps no two could be selected who would at the moment of the writing better illustrate two important and opposing tendencies than Tolstoi and Matthew Arnold. The one is the complement of the other. In aim, perhaps not unlike: in faith, habit of thought, trend of mind, custom of selection of means of influence, most diverse. Representative, it seems to me, the one and the other, each of a measureless influence working in the minds of men; representative of the two halves of a real truth form; each of his own and for his own a *Zeitgeist* embodied; each to the other a mirror and a suggestion. Hence I have chosen to put together these names and treat of the forces and the men together.

But I must at the outset disclaim all thought of speaking finally respecting either Arnold or Tolstoi. The work of the one is now set down full ready for the world to use it; the work of the other is, perhaps, but begun; but of neither the one nor of the other can any fair final judgment now be rendered. I will not try to render any such judgment; only to put forth such hints as I may, considering the two men.

On the very surface, then, Tolstoi is a phenomenon. Of all the great nations of the world Russia is the one least advanced, we say. Surely it is the one which has within its limits the most of barbarism. A half-awakened country, we say, drowsily shaking itself out of sleep. A difficult soil, under harsh skies, tilled by stolid serfs. A people fond of bright, rich colour, rough mirth, brutal joy, heavy sadness. Especially the note of stolidity is characteristic: a stolid endurance in the serf, a stolid enjoyment in the full-fed aristocrat. So the people would appear. And in the

* From *The Andover Review*.

literature we find little of note, till within the last decade, to oppose this notion. Suddenly, out of this Russia springs a whole new literature, in its van three men with the earnestness of prophets, the trained hands of polished writers, the far-eyed vision of poets—Turgénief, Gogol, Tolstoi. At the least, this is a phenomenon.

But it is a phenomenon not unparalleled in history. In the nascent days of a literature spring up the greatest men. Homer out of the singers of his rude days; Dante, not in the fruition, but in the up-springing; Shakespeare in the first generation of the rebirth of English Literature. I have no notion of comparing Tolstoi with Homer or Dante or Shakespeare; I say only that, related to the literature of Russia, Tolstoi stands out conspicuous as a great mind in an early era of his country's literature.

Not an unpreceded phenomenon, then, but yet an important one. Of what sort is it? If I am to treat of Matthew Arnold later, perhaps I may here borrow one of his deathless phrases. In the work which some men consider to be Arnold's greatest, he sums up the work of the Saviour of men under heads which once read one never can forget: the Method and the Secret of Jesus. Of the secret of Tolstoi, the gospel of the Immediatist—work while the day lasts—I may speak somewhat later; now I have to do with his method. This method is the method of dexterity and relentlessness. It is Sainte-Beuve and John Brown of Ossawatimie uniting in utterance. "The whole talent," says Taine, "of an uncultivated mind lies in the force and oneness of its sensations; it loses all genius when it loses its fever heat." This relentlessness is one half of the method; there is no shrinking in Tolstoi. To this is added the keenness of the trained eye, the precision of the cultivated touch. It is the keen, skilful, trained French sense, backed by the Barbarian vigour; peasant force with patrician dexterity; the certain aim and the strengthened arm. The singular child, this, of the finest civilization and half-awakened barbarism. Such minglings make literature. The poets of all the later centuries are telling over the tales born, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, of the mingling

of the polished, ineffective, French mode of the days of Abélard with the rude, religious, forceful life of the Anglo-Saxon. And we have the tales of Arthur and of Bruce, which have more influenced men than the actual lives of dozens of kings. All Literature is the product of a Renaissance, and is the child of strange conditions. So the Russian startles us when he says the French thing in the Russian way; when he says the fine thing in the forceful way; when we note the touch of the Daudet, the De Musset, and find beneath, the grip of the Tolstoi, the Gogol. It is not the man Tolstoi, the man Turgénief, the man Dostoievski, the man Gogol; it is the new force, now formless and unrelated, then form-filled, perfectly complete; a bundle of inconsistencies, a problem of masterful forces, always delicate and dexterous, always terribly and pitilessly relentless. Such is to me the method of Tolstoi.

Tolstoi has written in two lines—in the novel, and in autobiography. Taking his “Anna Karénina” as an example of his novel-writing, I am not going to praise it. It is not to me a real creation. It is what I may call an architect’s elevation of the various aspects of sundry souls; correct in detail, absolute in unperspective accuracy, unreal, lacking the very somewhat which gives tone and colour to real presences. No doubt the heart is exposed, no doubt the kernel is quite discovered; but the whole is unreal. And the assumed position is also unreal. Anna, Vronsky, Karénin, are opened out to us as the monstrous fools they respectively are; but the result is unenlightening, because no Anna in life can be seen as the reader sees her, or as the reader must believe that Vronsky and Karénin ought to have seen her. If the characters knew themselves and each other as we know one and the other, neither the one nor the other would act as he now acts. The characters are drawn as in an interstellar ether of absolute transparency, and are made to act as in an ordinary earthly envelope of most impenetrable fog. Actual opacity of envelope and assumed diaphanousness is an unreal and therefore an insincere presentation. But, if I do not find it a real creation, I do find in it dexterity, and I find in it relentless-

ness. I find the savage ferocity, the force and oneness of sensation of the uncultivated mind; and I find also the delicate French touch and the skilful hand. It is a new voice that speaks: Smollett with Montaigne, Cromwell with Charles the Second, combined.

Tolstoi has also written out, in other forms, his message. He has a mission—he is a preacher—he would be a prophet. So, later, I shall say that Matthew Arnold speaks as one who has a mission, who is a preacher, and who would be a prophet. But the secret of Tolstoi is not that of Matthew Arnold. I have called the secret of Tolstoi the gospel of the Immediatist. And what is that gospel? It is that the Divine can be sensed only through duty performed. The mission is one long striving to embody the spiritual; to set forth the truths of God in terms of daily life; to make real to the actual eye the unseen verities. A spiritual God is too far away, too vague. Here at home is work, God's work. In this work we may find God. Made manifest, we may compel men that they look at Him. So wealth is cast aside, culture, opportunity; and the grossest work is sought to materialize in it the far-off spirit. The material fails to embody the spiritual, and the search is pushed farther away from the usual walk of men. Like the Concord enthusiasts of fifty years ago, Tolstoi would "betake himself to the companionship of the rocks and trees, of animals, or of children and uneducated persons; in whom there is no consciousness of any aim beyond the present, and therefore no danger of their disgusting by paltry aims." This is Tolstoi's mission. In it he is earnest, sincere, relentless. I offer no criticism upon it. It is a forceful effort. It illustrates a great objectivizing tendency of the day. But it is anthropomorphism, and, so far as Tolstoi stands for it, he stands, as I have said, as opposed to the faith, the habit of thought, the trend of mind, the custom of selection of means of influence, of Matthew Arnold: If Tolstoi strives to embody the spiritual, Arnold strives to release the spiritual. If Tolstoi would pitilessly toil in bodily sweat that so the God work might be done, Arnold would be the friend of him who would live in the spirit. The one aims

to visualize the ideal, the other to depersonize the God conception itself.

For illustration I may perhaps turn to that great form of expression of thought and emotion known as poetry. There are three modes of poetic expression; perhaps, indeed, many more; three that I will mention. The first, and least, is that form in which the worker transmutes, by the fire of imagination, all the dense and actual solid into its elemental nebula, not for the sake of knowledge, nor for inspiration, but solely that the play of light and shade, the glint of colour, and the variance of texture may fill and feed the sense of beauty. It is Undine gifted with a poet's craft; the riot of unconscienced power. We note it in the *Lalla Rookh* of Moore, and find it in perfection in the *Christabel* of Coleridge. With it now I have nothing to do, and only mention it for distinctness; passing for my illustration to the second mode.

In this second mode I find my secret of Tolstoi. It is that form of poetry at which Shakespeare hints when he speaks of giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. It is the incarnation, for simple use, of an idea. In Emerson's interesting phrase, it is the "projection of the ideas of reason on the plane of the understanding." It is the poetry of the Oriental, of Ezekiel, of Victor Hugo, of the Savage. It is the densing of the slight, the fleshing of the spiritual. In Browning it is the dressing of a great but simple thought in imagery, to make the poem "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*." It gives us the doctrine of transubstantiation, and is an underlying notion of the Roman Catholic Church. Mixed with Hebraism, as I view it, it is the Pauline system; mixed with Italianism, it is the note of Rossetti and Swinburne and Burne Jones. Grafted upon Barbarianism, mixed with Humanitarianism, it is the note of Tolstoi.

And, finally, there is a third mode. It is not new, and yet not much known to the world, and is more vague, less definite. It is, perhaps, not a mode of poetry at all, though for this use I will thus class it. It is that sort of imaginative writing which has for its aim the releasing of the

spiritual meaning from the actual. I have in mind, as an illustration, Mr. Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," in which myth and folk-tale, image and story, yield up their spiritual content under Ruskin's patient force. In this mode, as I think, is the Gospel of St. John written; in this mode are written certain of Emerson's poems, and certain of the poems of Arnold. To this note was the utterance of Matthew Arnold attuned, if I rightly interpret him.

The complement and opposite of Tolstoi, I have called him. Of what sort, then, was Matthew Arnold? Certainly he does not stand before us in memory as a strong personality, as does Tolstoi. We do not think of Arnold as of one who would throw down rank, and wealth, and culture, who would let slip all his dreams of life, to stand alone. Tolstoi may be easily thought of as a struggling soul, an out-reaching, environment chilled, persistent, hopeless, duty-filled organism; impelled, this organism, from within, to labour; compelled, this organism, from without, to recognize the uselessness—from the standpoint of the Immediatist—of labour. I think that this description, whether or not it fit Tolstoi, certainly does not fit Mr. Arnold.

Yet there are other types of self-poise than that of the man of action. One such is that of Obermann. We find Mr. Arnold in fullest sympathy, at times, with Obermann. He muses with Obermann, in one of his poems, for a half hour, and then he goes back to the world again; and many years after, in another poem, Arnold stops and muses again; but in the one and in the other Arnold simply observes Obermann; he stands not with him. He notes with pleasure that which Obermann, in his grim contention in the darkness, has overlooked, that some signs of the breaking of the morning now appear. Again, in the poem of the "Summer Night," perhaps the noblest poem of them all, we have a record of a soul's thrill. Yet Arnold stands not as man, or madman, or slave; he simply looks up into the transparent sky. It is the far-seeing eye, not the compelling soul. We are not reminded of the pitiless, strenuous Tolstoi.

But the utterance of a man may be potent, though the man be unsubstantial. Perhaps the more subtle the utter-

ance the less need that the man be opaque and real. The greatest passion in man, as many think, needs no materializing to give it life. The highest is least personal. "The religious passion," says Ruskin, "is nearly always vividest when the art is weakest; and the technical skill only reaches its deliberate splendour when the ecstasy which gave it birth has passed away for ever." Religion, then, in its best and noblest periods, builds no cathedrals; in the decadency of a special thought of worship come the outward and visible manifestations. So the late and weak days of Roman Catholic form-worship in England gave us the complete cathedrals, perfect, soulless bodies. The purer faiths of an earlier day, and the clearer eye of a later day, need no such evidences. It may be that we need not care to seek for a personality in Arnold to get at the secret of his power. And if we do not find a mastering personality in Arnold, we miss also the ferocity, the relentlessness, of the ruder and intenser type. We find, indeed, a tolerant persistence, but not the deathless, unreasoning grip. We find a persistence, steady and calm, but tolerant of reverse, even tolerant of failure. So in his "Last Word":

"Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said,
Vain thy onset! all stands fast!
Thou thyself must break at last.

"Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

"They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee!
Better men fared thus before thee!
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and broke at last.

"Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

Here is persistence, tolerant persistence ; it is not relentlessness ; it is not ferocity.

Opposed, then, is Matthew Arnold to the type which I have chosen of the demanding, compelling personality, concreting God into actual form of man, concreting man into simplest form of peasant, concreting activity into rudest earth-tilling, concreting social intercourse into nakedest bluntness, concreting the whole great gospel of spiritual sacrifice into bodily meat and drink renunciation. Opposed to this type, Matthew Arnold is as a voice only, and as a voice with one great utterance only, and this utterance a cry, a cry for the release of the spiritual from the bonds of the material ; simply the old cry that God is a Spirit. Keeping the figure, I speak of Arnold as a clear, ineffective voice in his poems, a clear, bright voice in his literary studies, a voice crying in the wilderness in his religious works.

Clear and pure, low and ineffective, is the voice in the poems. Singularly unsensuous ; designedly, as I think, unsensuous. So pure, that some men count his poems to be not poetry at all. Voided, of design, as I believe, of rhythm ; voided of ornateness in diction ; voided of conceits, of metaphor almost, of imagery to a great degree ; plain, high thought in plain, terse language. If poetry, it is un-Swinburned poetry ; if a voice, it is a clear, pure voice, and yet an ineffective voice. Minglings, I have already said, make literature ; it is the child of strange conditions. In the poetry of Arnold we find the Hellenic spontaneity, and a clear, pure voice ; we find, also, the Celtic ineffectiveness ; from the union of these diverse qualities comes, in no small degree, its fascination. The note of fatal sluggishness is characteristic of the movement which accompanies the utterance. A faint-voiced cry, at times, and a faint-hearted, sluggish stir of utterance.

" In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song."

But yet again, considering the utterance only, as one reads the poems one thinks of Arnold as of his own Empedocles.

"But no, this heart will glow no more! Thou art
A living man no more, Empedocles!
Nothing but a devouring flame of thought—
But a naked, eternally restless mind."

A clear, bright voice in his literary studies. I need not to prove it. The very catchwords in the air prove that the voice, whether potent or not potent, whether truth-speaking or not truth-speaking, is at last clear and bright. He has verily created a language of criticism, and the "immense vibration of his voice upon the ear of Europe," as he said of George Sand, "will not soon die away." "The English people," said Disraeli, "were once governed by men; now they are governed by phrases." For the literary nation Matthew Arnold has made the phrases. They are phrases that will endure, because thought is in them. It is not necessarily eternally true thought, not even in all cases immediately apt thought, but thought which you, the thinker, must consider. Mr. Arnold's forerunner, Goethe, once gave us a criticism of Hamlet. We all know it, and we all must consider it, though we may not accept it, when we read Hamlet. So Mr. Arnold has made a score of bright, clear utterances. One may not be sure, for example, that a truth is uttered when Arnold says that "the end and aim of all literature, if one considers it attentively, is in truth nothing but a Criticism of Life," and that the "noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential element of poetic greatness;" but one must consider the utterance. Or, again, perhaps "conduct is" not "three-fourths of life;" but one must think before one answers yea or nay to the statement. Or, it may or may not be true that the Teuton has "steadiness with honesty," and, in contrast, the Celt has "spirituality with ineffectiveness," and that it is the union of these qualities which makes greatness possible in England; but I think

one cannot hereafter consider the problem of the Teuton and the Celt unless he has considered this treatment also. Or, again, the secret of the quality of Homer may not be uttered when Arnold says that he is "plain in thought, plain in diction, rapid, and noble;" the quality of French prose may not be given us when we are told that it has "regularity, uniformity, precision, balance;" the requisites for a primer may not be "clearness, brevity, proportion, sobriety;" "to see straight and to see clear" may not be the American's special birth-power; the definition of culture may not satisfy; the thought that the Bible is "literary," and that the literary is of necessity "fluid and passing," may distress the mind; the notion of *Zeitgeist* potency may disturb rather than compose our thought; that the governing idea of Hellenism is "spontaneity of consciousness," that of Hebraism "strictness of conscience," may seem weak or may seem false to one: yet, one must think of each of these utterances, for these are thoughts, not merely phrases. Whatever we may think of the truth of the utterance, the sound is, I hope we may consider, the sound of a clear, bright voice. As for its content, his utterance in the studies has at least the grace of directness. It is not a literary criticism tied by the neck to a philosophy or bound by the heels to a scientific theory. It appeals, moreover, to the intellect direct and not to the intellect through the emotions. It appeals to the intellect direct and not to the intellect through the senses. Instead, for example, of saying that Homer has the eagle's flight or the insect's dart, Arnold tells us that he is rapid, and releases us from the toil of thinking through the senses. So I think that the utterance of the clear, bright voice has helped to teach to us directness. Arnold has un-Coleridged criticism.

In his poetry I have said that Arnold shows somewhat of the Celtic quality; in his critical and literary work no doubt he is a Hellenist; in his religious writings, in manner at least, a Hebraist. Perhaps we may class him as Celtic and Hellenic in his poetry, as Gallic and Hellenic in his appreciative work, as Hebraic and Hellenic in his dogma studies.

I have said that I have found a clear, ineffective voice in the poems; a clear, bright voice in the studies, a voice crying in the wilderness in the religious writings. And a voice with a single utterance—a cry for the release of the spiritual from the bonds of the material. "The soul," says Emerson, "knows no persons." "God is a Spirit," says Saint John. God is "an eternal power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," cries Matthew Arnold. And though Emerson and Saint John had gone before, for a time he seemed to have the whole wide world against him when he said it. I am not sure that this is a clear voice, still less sure am I that it is a bright voice. It is a cry from the wilderness, and perhaps not worth hearing, in itself, in our busy days and on our busy streets. But I think that the utterance, as set against such utterance as that of Tolstoi in his religious writings, gives us the voicing of an opposite tendency; the two cries are the voicings of the two opposite tendencies. In this vein considered, it may be worth attention. In itself considered, perhaps neither cry comes clearly to us. To depersonalize may not be to spiritualize; to embody, on the other hand, may not be to vivify. Yet I think that there is a message for us in the one utterance as the other.

To a certain extent Arnold has succeeded. He has depersonalized himself. We say that he has founded no school, that he has no followers. If this be so, it is but the fit completion of his own teaching.

There was, of course, a human body framework encasing this soul, giving body to the voice. A querulous, fretful, condescending human it has seemed to many, to whose frailties, no doubt, full justice will be done. A misfit for the soul it has always seemed to me to be. Dead now, verily, as Carlyle would say, and not for me to consider. Beaten about enough surely, in this world; not out-talked, perhaps, but tossed and torn. We find note of this human here and there in the works, but always as a note of weakness. Only in the poetry do we hear the human voice prevailing; the note is of the one who has trodden the wine-press alone; "Thou art tired; best be still." As the

struggle of flesh and spirit is ever renewed, perhaps this poetry will so continuously appeal that it will live. Live, if it live, though, because of its aspiration, not as a record of a baffled forcefulness. Live, because men feel that one will find the "body by the wall." It has in it upwardness, tension, intenseness. In the body, failure; in the spirit, life. For this, perhaps, this poetry will be remembered.

For the rest, Arnold was, I think, a voice and a voice only. But a voice which for many persons cried out of a wilderness, and which to many persons seemed to cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD.

MR. SPICER AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH POLICY.

THE London Congregational Union could not have found a chairman more entitled to the honour which it has conferred upon him than Mr. Albert Spicer, and he could not well have delivered an address more suited to the present position of the churches than that with which he opened the half-yearly meeting. It was the speech of a thoughtful Congregationalist, of a practical worker, of a brave and resolute leader in the work of reform. Of course there will not be universal agreement in all that he said, but it is the desire to secure this kind of unanimity which robs so many of such deliverances of all definiteness and strength. It is something far better than an address to which everybody will subscribe; it is one which will create discussion and compel everybody to think. We cannot ourselves profess to accept all its conclusions or endorse all its verdicts. Indeed, we so far dissent from its view as to one part of our internal polity that we have long been of opinion that an entire reconstruction of the Church Aid Society is essential in order to its being made thoroughly efficient for the great national work which it has undertaken. But on that point we do not mean to enlarge here, referring

to it only as one indication that our admiration of the high qualities of Mr. Spicer's address is not due to prejudice resulting from a thorough accord with all its opinions. What is most to be admired, indeed, is the courage with which he propounds views which will be very startling to many and which may probably expose him to no little unpopularity. How much of strong conviction and unflinching resolution was necessary for so bold and outspoken an utterance can be understood only by those who dwell in the midst of London Nonconformity. There is, perhaps, a freer intermingling of men of different religious views in suburban churches of the metropolis than in any other part of the country. Numbers are to be found in our own churches who have little understanding of Congregational principles and still less sympathy with them. They have been attracted to the minister, and possibly may have formed some social ties with the members, but they have never taken the trouble to examine the reasons of Nonconformity, and are absolutely without its characteristic sentiment. The existence of this class, which is to be found in most of our suburban churches, is one of the strongest evidences that the assertion of Church defenders—which has been so persistently reiterated that probably those who make it have at last persuaded themselves that it is true, and have certainly induced others to believe it—that Dissenting pulpits are largely used for political purposes, is an unfounded and calumnious slander. Had it been so, men of this type would long since have been driven from our sanctuaries. As it is they not only remain in our fellowship, but assume that they have a right to shape the policy of Congregationalism. Of course their tendencies are all Conservative, and recent political events have helped to develop them in more pronounced forms. The effect of Unionism in this direction cannot be fully understood by those outside. With many it has afforded the occasion for the manifestation of their reactionary tendencies, though it cannot truly be said to have been the cause. They would have adopted a similar line of action had the Liberal party undertaken the work of Disestablishment, and indeed, some of them

actually did so in the election of 1885. The numerical strength of this section is not great, but it has a certain social influence, and it includes some who are respected for their works' sake and whom no one would be willing to alienate.

With such an element in his constituency it required some boldness for a Chairman to take so distinct a line of "forward" policy as that which Mr. Spicer advocated. There are not a few true and loyal but timid and anxious men, who would have counselled greater caution, and who could easily have adduced strong arguments in support of their opinion. Mr. Spicer took a truer view of the situation. If we read his speech aright it means that a policy of hesitation and cowardice at present would be fatal to all that we most prize in our position and influence as Congregationalists. If we are simply to abandon the place which we have won in the army of progress, to stifle our popular sympathies, and to conform our practical religion to the ideas which find favour among Plymouth Brethren, it is not only Liberalism, or even Congregationalism, that will suffer, but Christianity itself. Such an abandonment of our old attitude would mean that the one body of Churches who have sought to exhibit their faith by political work and who have thus won for themselves a reputation as defenders of the weak, champions of liberty, and workers for political progress, had resolved to break with their old traditions rather than risk possible differences of opinion in some cases, perhaps followed by actual loss of nominal adherents. Mr. Spicer favours an entirely different policy. He feels that if our Churches are to lay hold of the people they must be in sympathy and touch with the people. He has recognized what so many seem to forget, that Congregationalism has won for itself a national position, and that with it have come weighty responsibilities and grave duties which we cannot evade. The old order passeth away and a new order has already come. The days are past when a Congregational Church was little more than a private society, whose members could not conscientiously accept the national standard of

faith or worship in the national sanctuaries, and therefore built a chapel of their own content if they were allowed freedom to worship there. We live in times when Congregationalism is a strong force in the nation, and it is for us to see that it is developed to its fullest capacity and used for the advancement of the noblest ends.

Looking at it in this light, Mr. Spicer is anxious that its machinery should be adapted to its work. Apparently he holds an opinion in which certainly many agree with him, that much of our machinery is costly, and what is even worse, is not always suitable. Every one who has a wide acquaintance with our denominational life must know many churches whose progress has been seriously hindered by an extravagant expenditure on their place of worship, which has left them burdened with a debt that has heavily taxed their resources at the very time when they were least able to meet the demand. Had this been inevitable the difficulty must have been faced. But it is not so. There are men of thoughtful mind and artistic taste—men who have not a touch of the Philistine in their composition, who do not regard with perfect complacency that development of Church architecture among us which calls forth so much admiration from others. They do not believe that a church, built in the Gothic style, is the style of building best adapted to our special purposes, and they regard the influence of the surroundings which it creates with unconcealed anxiety. Mr. Spicer does not suggest anything of this kind. He deals with the subject in a more practical spirit, and simply advocates the erection in some districts of what he calls a church-hall-school, which shall serve the purpose of a school and a chapel.

We must adapt our buildings to the needs of the neighbourhood for which they are erected. I am convinced that in a number of instances throughout London those responsible for the plans would have acted more wisely had they erected a sort of church-hall-school in one, rather than two or three separate buildings. The advantages of a single building would be manifold: the first expenses would be much less both as to land and building; the consequent burden of debt would be felt for a much shorter time; the incidental

expenses of working would be much less, and the necessary cost for repairs and maintenance would, in a like manner, be proportionately smaller. Again, in a good building, where the floor is free from those curious inventions called "pews"—the reflection, it seems to me, for the laity of what the chancel is for the clergy, but utterly unsuited for a Christian Brotherhood—such a building could be adapted so much more acceptably for all sorts of purposes; chairs can be moved easily and quickly, and we should be able to provide for services, school, lectures, political meetings, entertainment, tea-meeting, working party, or gymnasium, much more conveniently and readily than is now the case. It would also have the advantage, where an organ had been provided, of that instrument being ready for all occasions where music assists to lead and brighten. But it will be said, "You surely do not propose that the building used for Divine worship shall have the associations connected with it of what is said are the 'surroundings' of political meetings, or, more correctly, of party political meetings?" I do, indeed! Although, by the way, I should say, touching even party political meetings, let us show as Christian men by our conduct that we are conscious that in them, as well as in all other acts of our daily life, we desire to have more of that mind that was in Christ Jesus our Lord. In our churches I know nothing of consecration; I have been taught that wherever we gather together for prayer or worship is consecrated ground, that "wherever two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst." "But," it will be said, "How very unpleasant for the congregation to gather in the morning and sit for an hour-and-a-half in a building where a number of children have previously gathered!" Surely the inconvenience of this may be reduced to a minimum, if we have insisted that our friend the architect shall give us some real windows and some real ventilators that will open easily, so that a few minutes will suffice to render the air of the building pure and fresh. A little attention in this direction would be an immense benefit even to-day, where we do enjoy the luxury of several buildings. I have no wish to exaggerate the one building for church—hall—school; I only ask that the building shall be adapted to the needs of the neighbourhood. I ask you only to remember the different districts into which London is divided. We have, as you know, our well-to-do neighbourhoods, containing only comparatively large houses, suited only for the wealthy and affluent. We have others where the majority are available for those of comfortable but more moderate means; then others still, in different grades, for those of restricted incomes. Now, it appears to me, that to aim at the same class of building for all these neighbourhoods is simply absurd. But do not misunderstand me, and fancy that I advocate pretty buildings for the wealthy and ugly ones for the poor. No, I would aim at making all beautiful; but, unless we intend to generously supply the necessary ordinary outgoings for the poorer districts, I maintain that we cripple their resources from the outset by

encouraging and helping to build a class of buildings needing too large an outlay to start, too large an outlay for ordinary maintenance, and at the same time unsuited for their purpose.

In the same direction may I express the opinion that as our buildings need to be adapted for their different neighbourhoods, so, I think, do the plans of our church organization. In those neighbourhoods where there are space and opportunity for home life, let not the evenings be disturbed too often by the feeling that we ought to be at some service, or some meeting, otherwise our minister will be troubled, and a small attendance will discourage him in his work. In such neighbourhoods let our week-evening engagements be limited, but then try to make them very attractive. Let us bear in mind that in our suburban life, for the majority of us to go out for evening service after returning from the business of the day, means the sacrifice of the whole evening. For most of us that is the only opportunity we have for self-culture, this is a serious thing. In olden days, when men lived at their places of business, they could use for reading the time we spend in travelling, and services and meetings in the evening were refreshing changes; nowadays it would be well sometimes if, instead of being pressed for some evening meeting, we were pressed to go home and their read, not always the last three-volume novel, but books—historical, biographical, or, in fact, whatever will equip us better for taking our proper place in life's work. On the other hand, where the Church draws its adherents from those who are compelled to live in narrower spaces, let us try and make the church buildings supply the place of the wider home. Let the rooms be open at all times during the day and evening. The hall, when not required for other purposes, might be used in the day time for, say a reading-room, where, without the temptations of the public-house, those temporarily out of work, or from any cause temporarily unemployed, might spend a few hours. Other rooms might perhaps be set apart for *crèches*, &c., which might be almost, or altogether, self-supporting. Then in the evenings let all be open for services or other social gatherings, where education and recreative employment might have their place, and let the different rooms be so appropriated that all may feel that they are considered.

Every one of these suggestions has a weight and a value of its own. Undoubtedly they would need to be carefully discussed before they could be fully accepted, but nothing could be more unwise than to dismiss them as impracticable or extreme. On the contrary, it is the fact that they come from an eminently practical man, who clearly means business which invests it with so much significance, and indeed authority. The first thing which strikes us in relation to them, is their evident desire to give Congre-

gationalism a more thoroughly popular character. Hitherto it has been too much regarded as a religion for the middle classes. In the changes which Mr. Spicer advocates there is a distinct recognition of the fact that it has a mission for the people. The Church-hall-school might very well be distasteful to a class who pride themselves on their social position, and who, though they would graciously subscribe to a Mission Hall for the poor, are anxious that their own sanctuary should have full and proper ecclesiastical dignity. But this class have never been the strength of Congregationalism, though they would fain persuade others, as they have already convinced themselves, that they are its pillars. We do not object, neither does Mr. Spicer object, to their building for themselves sanctuaries according to their own refined ideas, but if the work of large and growing districts where the population must principally consist of the artisan or small shopkeeper class, the kind of edifice which he indicates is in every respect more suitable. Economy is not the only recommendation of such buildings; they are more likely to meet the wants of those for whom they are designed. The stately Gothic edifice may be very imposing, but if those by whom they have been reared could have had any experience of the feelings of preachers in relation to them, they might have sought out a more excellent plan of church architecture. The preacher depends largely for the effect he is to produce upon the audience, on the amount of sympathy which he is able to create between it and himself. In the attempt to put himself thus in touch with his hearers, the Gothic church is a distinct hindrance. It breaks the chain, and destroys the electric current. Henry Ward Beecher has seldom said anything truer than when he asserted that architects often ruin the work of the preacher. Every preacher who has a soul in him and is stirred with a longing to touch the souls of others, has felt the difference between a church with its lofty roof, its massive pillars dividing the congregation into sections, and its general air of dignity and repression, and a more plain and homely chapel in which he is able to come nearer

to the people and to be affected by the thrill of emotion which comes back from them. Mr. Gladstone's revelation as to the sustaining power of sympathy must have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of all true speakers. An orator must have the sympathy of his audience except, indeed, in those cases where a strong antagonism calls forth all the strength of his nature. Indifference is the one thing which paralyzes his power, and the suspicion of this coldness and indifference is induced by the isolation to which architecture of the type of which we are speaking dooms the preacher. Our own conviction has long been that Dissenters have committed a great mistake—under the circumstances a very natural one, but not therefore the less to be regretted—in their imitation of the architecture of older churches. The policy is sometimes justified on the ground that these ecclesiastical edifices are more suited for worship. Objecting as we do to the underlying conception of worship, we cannot accept this conclusion, but if we did we should still urge that provision must be made for preaching, and that the true inference from such reasonings is the necessity for two kinds of buildings. What we need is an architect with sufficient originality to meet the wants of both.

In the meantime we welcome Mr. Spicer's most useful suggestion. If the proposed building be constructed on a model we have sometimes seen, in which the Central Hall is surrounded by a number of class-rooms in which the work of the school is done, the most serious objections to the arrangement will be obviated. We anticipate advantages from the plan to which he does not refer. The more preaching ceases to be of the conventional and professional type and the freer, the more human, the more direct and outspoken it becomes, the more likely is it to accomplish its great end. The lecture-hall with its platform will have an influence in this direction, and will so far be a distinct improvement on our present plans. The proposal we regard, therefore, as a suggestion for the popularizing of our methods, and one which, if wisely carried out, may be attended with very important results. But very much must depend on

the men. It is easy to alter machinery, our great need is workmen who need not to be ashamed, who will make the best even of machinery which may be defective, and to whom improvements in method and apparatus will only afford opportunity for the fuller manifestation of their capacity for service. The crying question, after all, for those who are interested in the progress of our Churches is, How shall we best train men suited to the work of the generation, men who are in touch with all intellectual movements, and yet are full of faith; who preach the old gospel, but know how to present it in new forms; who are independent of the fettering influences of Church or sect, but yet are loyal in their devotion to the great principles for which we have to contend; who have gifts of leadership, and yet have learned the Master's lesson that he who would be greatest must be the minister of all, the servant of all?

Mr. Spicer's impressive words as to the duty of the Churches in relation to social reforms start a very large question; and we must content ourselves with quoting them, and leaving them to the reflection of our readers:

At the same time the feeling is growing stronger that, whilst on the one hand the need for work is constantly increasing, the ability to provide the help is constantly decreasing. I do not feel that this is the right time for a full discussion as to what is the causes of a state of things growing more critical and more dangerous year by year. Personally, I believe it mainly arises from the fact that for some generations we have allowed the private owners of land to keep for their own use that portion of the value which has been made by the people as a whole, and which I maintain, therefore, should be kept by the people for their own use. I believe there are reasons why the natural result of this state of things has not been so acutely felt previous to the last few years, but I want each church to realize the common danger that surrounds us, as I maintain that if a remedy is to be found, which shall deal satisfactorily with the difficulty, it will be because the discussion of the causes and the remedy has been fairly faced in our Christian communities. Those who know Lancashire always point with pride to the happy influence of Sunday-school relationships during the critical period of the cotton famine, and I believe that we realize very slightly the enormous influence in promoting kindly feelings between the different classes that has resulted from Sunday-school work and all other Christian agencies in our great cities. But we must not forget that this subject to which I am

referring is one that is being daily more freely discussed at the present time—I fear, mainly by those outside of all Christian organization, who feel that up to the present they have had no sympathy in the discussion of the question from those connected with our Christian Churches—and I believe it has been a great source of estrangement on the part of this class from all our Christian work. It is a difficult subject, but if it is a fact that for generations the people, as a whole, have been deprived of that which really belonged to them, it is surely a matter that should not be neglected by those who hold the golden rule. In recent years a great impetus has been given to mission work of every description in our churches through the publication of "The Bitter Cry." Many schemes have been started; but schemes such as the founding of industrial villages, home colonization, emigration, the prevention of over-crowding, the stoppage of sweating, the providing of free meals are artificial, and do not touch the root of the evil. What we want to find is a remedy that will do this; and though even then we cannot hope for everything to be put right at once, it will be something to feel that we have tried to guide the stream into its right channel, and may look forward with hope and confidence to the future. Our fathers in past generations have not been afraid to lead, and I believe that Congregationalists in our times are not made of inferior stuff. I ask, at any rate, that an honest attempt may be made by our leaders to look carefully at this question, and not to rest satisfied till they have done their part in creating a healthy public opinion on these great social problems which are troubling us at the present time.

We can anticipate the sneer with which such utterances will be received by many. The men whose one idea of making the best of both worlds is to get as much as possible out of the present life, and to keep up a certain show and veneering of religion as an "Insurance premium" for the next, will be loud in their condemnation, and unfortunately they will be joined by others of a higher type who shudder at the idea of carrying religion into politics. But these are not times in which Congregational churches can afford to allow either of these classes to dominate their policy. We have a great opportunity which cannot be rightly cultivated unless we emancipate ourselves from tradition and prejudice, and seek such a full understanding of the signs of the times as will fit us to meet their demands. It is because this spirit so thoroughly pervades Mr. Spicer's address that we give it our heartiest welcome.

It may be that in the endeavour to reach his ideal we may have to face some difficulties and meet some losses, but if Congregationalism is to make full proof of its ministry it must be by exhibiting the capacity to make itself more and more a religion of the people and for the people.

A CROMWELLIAN COLLECTOR.

A UNIQUE MUSEUM.

I FOUND my friend, the Rev. John De Kewer Williams, comfortably housed in an old-fashioned mansion in the Paragon, Hackney, a locality which the authorities have re-named, but which Mr. Williams declares will remain the Paragon till the end of the chapter so far as he is personally concerned. This indicates his conservative tendencies, in spite of his being a Liberal and a Nonconformist. I believe that in theology he is practically what he was at Limerick or at Tottenham forty years ago—he retains all the Evangelical fervour of Puritanism without giving prominence to its harder features. Hence the characteristic advice which he once gave to a late well-known editor whose tendency was towards a broader teaching: “If you want to go to Bath you can travel on the broad gauge; but if you would travel all the world over you must use the narrow.” At the same time he is one who can think, as well as speak, for himself; and the independence of his opinions, expressed as they often are in quaint and humorous forms, wins for him the respect of those who differ from his Conservative and somewhat old-world ideas, which certainly are rare among his brethren of the present generation.

You will not converse for very long with Mr. Williams concerning Hackney without drawing from him an apt Scriptural quotation—“This man was born there”—which may indicate the place of his nativity and his love for it. Memory carries him back to the days when the near north-eastern suburbs were much more rural than they are

now, and when Samuel Morley, as a young man, attended with his parents and their family at St. Thomas's Square Chapel. He was thus born at Hackney, and baptized at the parish church which stands at some distance from the tower which once formed part of a more ancient edifice. He was sent to school to Madras House, where he had for companions in study, William Smith, the future editor of *The Quarterly Review*, and Charles Reed, destined to become the knighted chairman of the London School Board. After leaving school he resided for a time at St. Omer with a view of becoming more perfectly acquainted with the French language; and subsequently he studied for a time at the London Hospital under Dr. Tidy Senior with the idea of making medicine his life profession. Theology offered attractions superior to those of medical science, however, and the great hospital was forsaken for Highbury College, where, in meeting with Newman Hall and James Baldwin Brown, he was once more fortunate in his youthful companionships. When he had completed the curriculum of the old-fashioned college, Mr. Williams found scope for his budding ministerial energy at Limerick, the veritable *Regia* of Ptolemy, and the *Rosse-de-Nailleagh* of other annals. Why he should thus be sent to such a centre of Romanism did not at first become plain, but it afterwards turned out to be one of those chapters in the history of providence which, though perplexing at first, afterwards surprise by their merciful arrangement. At that time Limerick contained a population of about 48,000 souls—about the same as at present; but although it was a centre of manufacture, with some congenial society, the town was not a place which a sanguine young pastor would have been expected to choose as the scene of his *début* in the pulpit. At first there was a disposition to turn back, but ultimately Mr. Williams remained for over three years, and what happened proved that he was right. As was inevitable, the congregation was pitifully small, but extra attention was devoted to young men, with the result that five of the number became preachers of the gospel, while another, who has been three times mayor of the town,

besides being knighted by the Queen, has had a drinking-fountain erected in his honour just outside of the railway station. A watch, presented to him by one of the Church over which he presided, Mr. Williams has worn for more than forty years as a golden link between those days and these later times, as well as between England and Old Ireland. Moreover, some of the most genially bright social circles, including Romanists and others among their members, were found and heartily enjoyed at Limerick. To a young Englishman so thoroughly Protestant and home-loving, the Green Isle would in some respects be a foreign land, but, nevertheless, Limerick has many sunny memories, and the pastor there became a young men's man, which he has ever since remained. He considers that his life-work was mainly done in the old Irish town and at Tottenham. The ten years spent in the latter place, where he was instrumental in putting up a fine Gothic church, being those that immediately preceded and followed the Great Exhibition of 1851. A well-known friend suggested that he should not have left Tottenham. "But, good sir," asked Mr. Williams, "did you ever bury three generations out of your house in six months, as I have done, or nine relations in three years?" These frequent losses by death drove him from a sphere of labour in which he had been abundantly useful. Both at Limerick and at Tottenham he certainly left his mark.

Since those days of severe bereavement Mr. Williams has, in his own way become an expounder of Oliver Cromwell, and if the public are only allowed to reap the full benefit of his labours his name will go down to posterity linked with that of Carlyle as that of an industrious *savant* who drew his information respecting the Protector from original sources. It may be that his interest in the Protector may have originally arisen from his having been descended from one branch of the family, for in Wales the Cromwells and the Williamses appear to have been at one time of the same stock. Still, at the outset, he did not harbour any ambitious notions in regard to a Cromwellian museum; it was one of those things which grew or deve-

loped to its present dimensions of its own accord. At present the house itself in the old Paragon at Hackney strikes a visitor as being a depository of the chief mementoes of Cromwell which the world contains; and, in a sense, with its more than four hundred portraits, and hundreds of volumes in six languages, all relating to this one great subject, it is hardly less than this, although of course a collector with unlimited means might make some noteworthy additions to the treasures which at present are not found there. At least on one occasion, when a tempting but more than usually costly painting or statue has been offered, the collector has been compelled to write and decline the purchase, of course not forgetting to subscribe himself "John De Kewer Williams, Limited."

It was through his having consented to give a lecture on Cromwell more than twenty years ago that the thought was suggested to Mr. Williams of collecting a few subjects wherewith to illustrate his subject. At first he had no idea of collecting even a hundred portraits, but when a beginning was made the numbers grew upon his hands, until now, with some four hundred engravings in his possession, besides paintings in oil, the collector has lived to prove that the Protector has had his likeness engraved more frequently than any other historical character who ever lived in modern times. Nor is there anything monotonous in the portraits; for they not only belong to many countries, but reveal to the student and to the connoisseur every style of engraving from Cromwell's day to our own, a period of two hundred and thirty years. "But, Mr. Williams, I do not much like Cromwell," remarked a lady who was, nevertheless, somewhat surprised at what the collector had been enabled to bring together. "No, madam," was the ready reply, "it is because you do not know him; but only think of every style of art being called into requisition to illustrate one man!" Such an example is of course quite unique in history, the more so because we do not yet quite know to what extent the collection might be multiplied. When Canon Cromwell—who, by the way, as a striking coincidence, was examined for

holy orders by Dr. Hampden, afterwards Bishop of Hereford—came to see the mementoes of his illustrious ancestor there were three hundred portraits, and one hundred have since been added. The Protector's name is also always cropping up at unexpected times, and in unexpected places. When a dealer at Munich was recently asked if he happened to have anything relating to Cromwell, he declared that that man was more inquired after than any other personage. The extensive European area over which the treasures have been collected is also suggestive. A striking Dutch medal, discovered by Mr. Williams at Munich, had been purchased by the dealer at Vienna, and this is illustrative of many other similar adventures.

Mr. Williams has always resolutely set his face against mere relic collecting, such things being frequently of only doubtful value. In regard to the portraits, they have been recovered from unlikely places far and near, and one of these paintings recovered from a house near Oswestry, was apparently in a condition past all hope of restoration when it first came forth from its dusty loft. It had received a gunshot through one of the eyes, and being otherwise damaged, it seemed hardly to be worth carrying away; but now, in its restored condition, the portrait is a principal attraction among some four hundred companions. Soon after this was purchased, a mere report flew abroad that it was worth three hundred guineas, and the person who had sold it wrote to ask to be allowed his share of the prize-money—unhappily imaginary.

There are thus large portraits done in oil, on canvas, or on panels; many are engraved on copper, some are examples of the steel engraver's art; others are on wood. The artists of the chief countries of Europe have done their best to reproduce this one man's portrait in their own characteristic styles. As I have remarked elsewhere, while many are admirable likenesses, others are little better than humanized pumpkins, which would pass as well for portraits of the Great Mogul as for our great English hero and patriot. It is not every nervous person who would like to sit alone at midnight in such a room.

The historical student learns a good deal from such a collection because the portraits represent only one department of research; for besides these and the library there are medals and statuettes, carvings and coins, all illustrating the one great subject. A marble bust, finely executed, of about life size, and of unknown age has lately been added, and then there is a superb tankard cut in relief, representing the dissolution of the Long Parliament. As I wrote concerning these things some years ago, to the educated eye of the connoisseur every individual specimen of this unique collection is something more than a relic of Cromwell; they are revelations of popular opinion in a departed age, and some actually testify to the man's energy and wisdom. We are able to see, for example, how wonderfully he improved the coinage, being in this respect above several generations before his time. There is a five-shilling piece, but little worn, which would reflect credit on the Mint of the present day. He seems also to have been the first to distribute medals among the troops as recognitions of bravery, and Mr. Williams has been fortunate in securing one of the pieces that were distributed among the veterans who took part in the Scotch campaign. The immense variety is somewhat confusing, but the general impression left on the mind is that Cromwell was quite as great a man as Carlyle has portrayed him. Another fact taught us by the engravings is that there was always an educated constituency who were sufficient admirers of the Protector to give a good price for his engraved portrait. This was especially the case through the last century, for to that period many of the engravings belong. The collector is now a well-known figure among the dealers, and some of this interesting fraternity will communicate with him when they have anything in stock likely to be acceptable. The collector does not consider that he has followed either a hobby or a mania, but an historical study. To the American remark, "I guess that Carlyle resurrected Cromwell," he replies, "No; his memory never died out."

In the summer of 1883 the collection was carried down to Houghton, Hunts, in the midst of Cromwell's country, and

there exhibited for several days at what is there called the Houghton Festival. Mr. Williams then gave a lecture entitled "Cromwell Himself," and great interest was shown by the inhabitants of those parts. A brief summary of what was then said will best show what Mr. Williams thinks of his own collection and its distinguished subject :

CROMWELL HIMSELF.

Man has five senses ; nearly related, mutually dependent.

The desire to see one of whom we have heard much is a natural instinct ; this drew the Queen of Sheba to the Court of Solomon, and Zachæus up the sycamore-tree. These portraits are culled from illustrated histories and portrait galleries.

For two centuries the world has heard much of Oliver Cromwell ; long a gentleman farmer in Huntingdonshire, at length the honoured and dreaded Protector of these three kingdoms. His contemporaries would have portraits of him ; Parliament for the Dunbar medal, and the Duke of Tuscany for the Pisti Palace, &c. This collection is proof of a demand ever since ; so when the Americans say, " I guess that Carlyle resurrected Cromwell," I say, " No, his memory never died out." At the time of the French Revolution there was a heavy crop of portraits on both sides of the Channel ; one of the most interesting was " A Connoisseur examining a Cooper," by Gillray ; the connoisseur being George III., the Cooper being Cromwell. He has not been a favourite study of kings ; but our gracious Queen has several portraits of him. I have just had a letter from Pennsylvania to ask me which is the best portrait ? It is difficult to say in presence of this varied collection : as not a man had gone into business as a photographer at the time of the Cromwelliad.

I may just give the *raison d'être* of this gallery ; it is not a hobby or a mania, but a study ; which I have been collecting and collating, at home and abroad, as a foundation of a series of chapters on Cromwell himself. At Home. In the House. In the Field. In the Church. In the Throne. At Death. But now, what sort of man was Cromwell ? described by writers and artists, under the influence of prejudice. Sir Philip Warwick was contemptuous, but allowed that when Protector he was of " a great and majestic deportment and comely presence."

Recently, in the Royal Academy, Ho ! Ho ! Ho !! a picture of a cavalier sketching Regalia on a wall, and then a grotesque head under which he wrote " Old Noll," as he called to two others to join in the laugh. The very way in which his memory was treated for two centuries by writers like Pope :

" See Cromwell damned to everlasting fame."

But he sat for his portrait, as General to Walker, and as Protector

to Cooper and Lely. A story about taking him warts and all; and he was the man to say:

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate;
Nor set down aught in malice."

In one picture he is every inch a king. It was Charles I. by Van Dyck; but afterwards Cromwell's head was substituted. Many are equestrian; he was quite "Master of the Horse." Some are like Louis XIV.; a Dutch divine, and Italian bandit. One is just Milton; another Bunyan; another an American filibuster, and one from the Court magazine is quite a cavalier. Many are not likenesses at all, but evolved from the artist's consciousness. He is mostly in armour, as essentially a soldier; but this was his vocation, not his profession, so his motto was *Pax queritur bello*. He is sometimes in civil dress with the high Puritan hat; mostly with a fine Rubens hat and feather. Engravers give symbolical accessories: an axe; a mask; the Bible; looking into the coffin of Charles; a wolf or a fox; a gibbet. In a German engraving he is called "Rex Independentium."

Very interesting cartoon of the Jews pleading for liberty to settle in England, by Solomon Hart; the Rabbi and others elaborately finished; Cromwell and his Council very unfinished.

Cromwell comes out well beside his admired Secretary; in different pictures of dictating the letter in favour of the Waldenses, which ought to endear him to all true Protestants. A beautifully English picture, that of his quiet Court at Hampton Court on Sunday; in which his figure instinct with the manliness of godliness, the fine old English Christian gentleman. He was naturally a domestic man. A favourite picture of his daughter entreating for the life of Charles, and reproving him for his death; a story without any foundation.

He suggested that the Parliament should be on the Dunbar medal; but when Protector he substituted for them the arms of the Williamses, his old family. Often he has the victor's wreath, as on my fine Dutch medal. Faithorne did him justice, placing his portrait between David and Solomon, Alexander and Caesar; but flattered him in the famous picture, "Cromwell between the Pillars," afterwards converted into William III. Which, then, of the four hundred is The Portrait? For the biography which I have had printed, I have selected the one at Sidney Sussex College, which seems to me more life-like than the smooth miniature adopted by Carlyle; but I am somewhat inclined to two or three others in my collection.

"The Anatomy of Beauty" is a modern idea which does not commend itself to me. So I never pick countenances to pieces, and shall not discuss Cromwell's eyes, hair, warts, or nose, but say of him as a whole:

"He was a man; take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

So I endeavoured to exhibit Cromwell in his proper person, in the light of his life. Believing that no painter has perfectly described him, I turn to the poets, and Shakespeare thus describes him to the life :

“ See what a grace was seated on his brow ;
Hyperion’s curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars ; to hearken or command ;
Assertion like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Whose every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man.”

It was my good fortune to accompany Mr. Williams to Houghton, and the day was one of the pleasantest summer holidays I have ever spent. Alighting at the station of the quaint old town of St. Ives, we were in Cromwell’s country ; for not only were we close to the site of the first Sleppe Hall where the future Protector passed some of his active earlier years, at the other end of the town, and close to “ Ouse’s silent tide ” could be seen the church—still in the main unaltered since that day—in the aisles of which the heavy footfall of Cromwell must often have been heard. The Houghton Summer Holiday, or Village Festival, was found to be a great local institution, which had been originated by the “ Miller of Houghton,” the late Mr. Potto Brown, who, as is well known, thought for himself and held to his own opinions tenaciously. The Village Festival was commonly expected to have one feature of special interest ; and on that occasion, July, 1883, Cromwell was the attraction, the display of Mr. Williams’s treasures in the school-room well showing the rich variety of the collection. A large number of persons came by river and road to see the show ; and when one thought of the religious and political associations of the surrounding country, it yielded peculiar satisfaction to look upon such an exhibition. Directly and indirectly, it was a testimony to the greatness of Cromwell which could have been demonstrated in no other way. Mr. Williams might be called an enthusiast, but it is only enthusiasts who complete such achievements. Such materials for the study of any modern patriot had never been brought together since the days of Cromwell himself.

Now comes, what is to myself personally, the sad sequel to this story of a Cromwellian collection; for I have to tell of their coming dispersion. Through twenty long years Mr. Williams has searched in likely and unlikely places for these treasures, and having gathered together a collection that has never been paralleled, he carried out his liberal and patriotic intention of offering the whole to England as a free gift. This offer was made to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery; but for reasons which need not here be explained at length, the offer was not accepted. The idea was, that the paintings, engravings, with the valuable library of books, the latter being arranged in cases, manufactured for the purpose, *en suite*, should have a room allotted to them, where they would be available for historical students and admirers of the Protector, for centuries to come. As this proposal has fallen through, however, the whole collection will, according to present arrangements, soon be put in the hands of certain auctioneers, who no doubt will speedily dispose of it. This is to be regretted; for the museum, as we may call it, is unique in the sense that it would be quite impossible for any one ever to make such a collection again. The conditions of collecting are quite different now from what they were a generation ago; for if anything of historical value is to be picked up "an American gentleman" is almost sure to get scent of it, in which case he will secure the prize at any cost. I feel confident that were the fact known in the United States that such a prize could be secured, there are persons there who would be glad to purchase it entire, to carry all away from the shores of Old England for ever. As regards the money value, it may be stated, that a well-known antiquary some time ago priced the whole at £2,000.

I may notice that, at different times, this museum relating to Cromwell has attracted the notice of several eminent persons. The late Earl of Chichester, who possessed a family Bible containing Cromwell's autograph, showed great interest in Mr. Williams's researches, and on one occasion the collector, by special invitation, visited the

nobleman, who desired to talk the subject over, at his seat in Sussex. On another occasion, the late Dean Stanley called at the Paragon to see the pictures and books for himself, but as Mr. Williams had received no previous intimation of the Dean's intention, he unfortunately happened to be out. Many other persons of note have called from time to time, and all have been unanimous in pronouncing the collection to be quite unique in value and interest. The pity is that, having been brought together with such taste, patience, and industry, the collection should ever be again scattered abroad over the wide world.

Such is the story of Mr. Williams's Cromwellian Museum; and as he, in common with all consistent patriots, is an ardent admirer of the Protector, I may be excused if, in closing, I just call attention to that notable prophecy of Cromwell, to the effect that the time would come when God would vindicate his character. The prejudice against Cromwell and his policy of a generation or two ago was founded in ignorance; but, nevertheless, in books of history, in reference books and other works, the same monotonous bias was found. Now, however, the most enlightened writers bear quite a different kind of testimony. To quote only one illustration, take the closing paragraph of the article on "Oliver Cromwell," in the now completed ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* :—

There is no severer test of a man's character than the use he makes of absolute power. Tried by this test, Cromwell bears comparison favourably with any of the greatest names in history. Elevated into supremacy, regal save only in name, he still preserved the plain simplicity of his former life. Armed with more than regal power, he limited himself within the strict bounds of necessity. Personally, he cared little for the outward shows of royalty, but he stinted no pomp or ceremony so far as it seemed to involve the nation's dignity. Too great to be jealous or vindictive for himself, he was swift and stern in crushing the enemies of public tranquillity. He was truly a terror to evil-doers, a praise to them that did well. He fostered learning, though himself not learned, and allied with some to whom learning was profanity. "If there was a man in England who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find him out, and reward him according to his merit." The head of a triumphant cause, he was so little of a fanatic that he tolerated all sects, so long as they meddled

not to disturb the State. His large and healthy spirit was bound by no party sympathies, but yearned towards all good men of whatever name. At an era when toleration was looked upon by many as foolish in politics and criminal in religion, he stood out in glorious prominence as the earnest advocate of the rights of conscience, and proclaimed all men answerable to God alone for their faith. Popery and prelacy he proscribed on grounds political rather than religious; to the adherents of both he showed private lenity; under his rule men no longer suffered at the stake or the pillory. So far did his thoughts reach beyond his age, that he desired, and earnestly attempted, to extend other rights of citizenship to the outcast and persecuted Jews. Himself the greatest, "the most English of Englishmen," he was determined that England should be the greatest of states. He encouraged trade, planted colonies, made wise peace with whom he would, or waged just and successful war. All Europe trembled at his voice, and the flag of Britain thenceforth waved triumphant over every sea. In fine, considering the comparative position of Britain that preceded and followed him, the circumstances of his life, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, making all allowance for his errors and his failings, he was a man for all ages to admire, for all Britons to honour in proud remembrance. No royal name, at least since Alfred's, is more worthy of our veneration than that of the "Usurper" Oliver Cromwell.

This is a testimony we can all subscribe to, and it is because such words about Cromwell are true, that we the more regret that such a museum as Mr. Williams has furnished cannot be preserved intact for the benefit of ourselves and of future generations.

G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ESSAYS BY AUBREY DE VERE.

THESE Essays comprise studies of Spenser, Wordsworth, and Henry Taylor, combined with a few others not so important. By the hand of one who loves and appreciates his subject, we have an interpretation of the teaching of our great poets, given us in language worthy of the theme. Even those among us who know and love already these poets as friends can hardly fail to gain some insight, some understanding from work so conscientiously done. We

would willingly have had more than just the two essays on Spenser, the poet of humanity, and the greatest teacher of morals that England has ever had. Like Dante, he was haunted by a vision of beauty the world was too evil to understand, a prophet of a higher morality than men have yet attained, but he has come nearer to us than Dante, who is peculiarly the poet of the student. Dante lived apart and above ordinary men; Spenser, our sweet human singer, is ever one of us. We feel we have true comradeship with him. He takes us by the hand, and, instead of leading us afar, he interprets for us the meaning of the common life around us; he lifts the veil, and shows the purpose behind its blind, struggling, and ignorant suffering, and tells us how to conquer and how to live. As the greatest Teacher of old, he teaches by pictures and stories, and we not only read but see for ourselves that evil is

“Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favoured sight;”

and that peace and happiness, purity and goodness, dwell in that House of Holiness where Una's faithful knight “is taught repentance and the way to heavenly bliss.”

Yet to look upon Spenser as mainly an ethical teacher would show a grievous failing to understand him. He was that, but much more. Six long books of exquisite poetry were surely waste of power only to show us that virtue is commendable and beautiful, and sin ugly and forbidding. Spenser is pre-eminently the poet of beauty, his world is transfigured in beauty; but yet for all that it is our own world, where our feet are planted firmly on the earth's surface, where the sun flashes through the green branches which spread “pavilions for the birds to bowre,” where we can sit in the woods' shade above the falling waters, and listen to their music in that bewitched mood when neither nymph nor dancing fawn nor forest satyr can yield us any surprise. An Arcadia of loveliness truly, but no Utopia; the men and women who pass through these shades are our fellows, bearing the same burdens of wounded love, of thwarted ambition, of penitence and remorse, of victory

and joy. They are struggling towards the same end, to be crowned ultimately by the same reward. It is a long warfare of each virtue in the person of a knight against all the separate sins and errors peculiarly attacking him in the character he represents. All the twelve virtues are united in Arthur, who at last attains the glory of God in his union with the Faery Queen, its personification.

Spenser, as the poet of beauty, would teach us that the highest beauty has its foundations in truth and goodness. Right moral thinking is the only condition for receiving the Vision of Truth, which is beauty. Perfection has a wondrous charm for Spenser; it is a fascination luring him on, and we feel that it is towards that high mountain-land where shines the clear light of purity that all his knights are treading. This is ideal poetry, but if it were only that we should never have felt that *comradeship* with Spenser before mentioned; his poetry is absolutely real, and it is to its reality, as our writer tells us, that we owe its pathos.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere does not consider Spenser, as we have been taught to think of him, as a poet of the Renaissance, but one of the olden time. He draws his distinction by calling him a *man* of the Renaissance, but as a *poet* he believes him to have been more attracted by the chivalrous age than by anything that came after. The distinction is difficult though it may be true. In its philosophy, its religion, and its poetical images the world of the Renaissance is round us in his poetry. The colour and richness of his imagination, his enlarged ideas of truth which freed him from the shackles of a narrow Puritanism on the one hand, and on the other from the blind bondage of Papistry, the absence of all superstition, his delight in the beauty and glory of the world and human life, instead of handing them both over to the devil, are all traceable to the influence of the Renaissance. His men and women enter heaven by themselves without priestly aid; each one has to attain holiness by individual effort, on his own responsibility, and with his own free-will. Many of Spenser's warmest scenes are taken from Italian poetry, and Ariosto is confessedly his example. His

English is that of one who had felt the full force of that tide of New Learning which set in to our English shores from the South. That wonderful dawn of light and truth, bringing with it a rapture of hope and a passion of enthusiasm which made men dream dreams and see visions, acted on the great poet mind with inspiring and invigorating force; and if Spenser had written the great poem of the Middle Ages that Mr. Aubrey de Vere fondly fancies he might, we cannot help feeling that to us the loss would have been heavy.

The great fault our writer has to find with Spenser is a want of proper construction and elimination. With this many of us will agree. The "Faery Queen" is too long, but then it was written for men who had time to read!

There is much of interest in the essay professing to give us an elucidation of Spenser's philosophy. It is not a deep philosophy, but one that touches our human life at all points. His poem teaches us how to live wisely by living well, that the secret of true happiness is in a contented mind, a temperate, controlled will, and is not dependent on outward circumstances.

No lover of Wordsworth will carelessly pass by the next two essays on the great poet of nature, in which the writer dwells much on the pity and love, the wisdom and truth to be found in Wordsworth's poetry. There are no poems which demand from the reader such a large amount of innate sympathy, such determination to see the hidden beauty and get near the poet's magic thought, as those of Wordsworth. The man with no poetry in himself signally fails here, do what he will. As much as Nature needs the pure, childlike wondering spirit to impart her secrets to, so here we must meet the poet half-way, and be prepared to give as well as take. Wordsworth is peculiarly wholesome reading for us in these overwrought days, when we go so far adrift from Nature, and it is so hard to get back. Here is a man who lived face to face with her, learned her secrets, was born to be her prophet, and grew up to know her varying face as an infant knows its mother's.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere is well fitted for his task of inter-

preter, both from love of his subject and natural poetical ability. He would teach us, first, how much of passion (by which he means depth of feeling) and, secondly, of wisdom there is in Wordsworth. The poet's passion is very nearly akin to sorrow; it is a noble passion which does not intoxicate, but subdues and purifies the heart it touches. It is a passion dwelling beneath cottage roofs, on village plains, in quiet country churchyards, part of a real human life which seems more actively real on account of its simplicity. Not for him are the passions of tragedy which tear men as wild beasts, bearing no olive branch of peace, and speaking of no nobility in the bearing and carrying of the sorrow. His passion is very deep and still and quiet, with scarce a ripple on its surface, "too deep for tears," but yet suggestive of them not very far away. In "A Highland Girl" there is a verse which is the more remarkable for its passion in that it is controlled and suppressed.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again!"

In one line Wordsworth has condensed a whole world of tenderness and pity; with quick insight he has discerned the reason of the sadness allied to sweetness which gives so much of spiritual charm and grace to our human life, a charm of sadness we feel most keenly on bright autumnal days, when everything around us has a more striking loveliness, because telling of decay. Our dreams then are at least as beautiful, and touched with a more sorrowful passion than those in spring. Age, unhappiness, loneliness—what sadder or tenderer song could a maiden sing? The profound sympathy with everything affecting humanity is Wordsworth's chief characteristic. Man and Nature, and their communion with each other, are his constant theme, and he spiritualizes both by disclosing the divinity in each.

He shows how closely related they are; they are both infused with the same Spirit of God, the Spirit of Life calling all into being, and leading all on to perfection, and yet these are not one but two separate existences. Nature has her own distinct soul, with desires, feelings, thoughts of her own, and man could commune with her as with a friend, were he but pure and simple enough. Wordsworth was the first poet who thus looked upon Nature as a personal, living friend, and not as an inert mass of dead matter; and so he was never tired of studying her with loving minuteness. As a philosopher he considered that the invisible in Nature, some day to be made visible, was more beautiful than anything on the surface, and that in certain moods this invisible soul of Nature smote upon our understanding, and awakened our highest imagination, and thrilled us with infinite yearnings and thoughts.

As a true artist Wordsworth knows where to stop; he reports his conception of a whole scene, bringing in no unnecessary detail that would not have struck his eye of vision; as a painter will not paint each single leaf, but will treat the different masses of the tree as he saw them. He never writes for the sake of making a pretty scene, but only to tell us the exact truth of what he saw, and there is a mighty power in this brevity. In that most exquisite poem of his beginning, "I wandered lonely as a cloud," he tells us not a word of the landscape round, nothing of where he was, or his thoughts at that moment, as a lesser poet would have done, but flashes on us just what *was* the scene for him, "a host of golden daffodils . . . fluttering and dancing in the breeze." He gazes for the delight of gazing, and memory, performing unconsciously her part, writes it down on her tablets for reference at a future day.

"I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

Many scenes are so recorded in our memories, though we do not know it at the time, so printed in our imaginations, that they are stores for either delight or remorse in the years to come.

Wordsworth's aim and ambition was to be a philosophic poet, to teach men in that wise and true fashion that should make his teaching the means of uplifting and purifying. He was a great moralist, and many have complained—not without reason—that he is often too didactic; he certainly is in his long and weighty poem, "The Excursion," which is not read now as much as it used to be, and in a few years will, we think, not be read at all, any more than Young or Akenside in the present day. The lessons our poet has to teach us are high and noble ones, presenting to us a lofty idea of duty in relation to all the humbler offices of life, as well as the more important. Mature in wisdom, he talks as an old man when still but a young one. He is never affected or grand or imposing; his chief characteristic is absolute truthfulness, which made him avoid all tricks of literature and false ornament. His poetry loses sometimes in artistic beauty by his quiet and truthful logic, and his constant endeavour to teach. He sometimes wrote clumsily, and in place of the pure and undefiled inspiration of some of his poems we have nothing but the barest prose with a rhyme tacked on to it. In spite of this Wordsworth is one of our greatest poets, of whom we are justly proud, because he was one of our truest, as well as one who had an open eye for the spiritual and unseen.

There are no less than five Essays in the volume on Henry Taylor's poetry, a poet for whom the writer expresses unqualified admiration. The career of Henry Taylor was as little like that of a poet as could well be imagined. Beginning as a midshipman, he died two years ago an honoured statesman at the advanced age of eighty-six. It is in the character of a statesman that he writes. Vigour of will, deliberate, consistent action, mark all his plays, while the well-balanced thought and evenness of the writer's style give to them a certain majesty oftentimes amounting to grandeur. His poetry is often too elaborate and laborious, and his lyrics are artificial; yet, strange to say, he has written two songs comparable to Shakespeare's, which will probably give him the best right to fame

("Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife," and "If I had the wings of a dove.")

He is at his best in his dramatic work, much of which is finely conceived. His first drama, "*Isaac Comnenus*," highly commended by Southey, was published in 1827, but it achieved little fame. It was followed by "*Philip van Artevelde*," the best of his works, and probably the most interesting and lifelike because it is, in a sense, his own autobiography, a history of his thoughts, feelings, and ambitions. Philip van Artevelde is a reserved, grave man, with a strong command over himself and his own passions, and consequently over other men; a man born to rule, and who comes forth from a recluse life with energy and fearlessness to take the lead in his country's affairs. "*Philip van Artevelde*" is a thoughtful, philosophic work, full of practical life and action. "*A Sicilian Summer*," or, as it was earlier styled, "*The Virgin Widow*" is infused with the sunshine and music of the south; it is described by its author as "the pleasantest play I have written, and I never could tell why people would not be pleased with it." It is elsewhere described as "a revival of romantic comedy." The speeches in it are too long and elaborate, but it is full of poetical spirit.

"*Edwin the Fair*" possesses great historical interest. The only fault we have to find with it is the scant justice accorded to Dunstan, one of the mighty ones of the earth. At the same time a scholar of brilliant intellect, an artist, a musician with a passionate love of music, a statesman of the first standing, a patriot who brought his country peace after long misgovernment, a priest so imbued with a sense of the presence and power of God that his devotion sometimes seemed almost to intoxicate him—he towers above all the men of his time in spiritual, artistic, emotional, intellectual power, till they dwindle to dwarfs, and sink to be puppets in his hands; and we smile as we see those four or five baby kings (we speak metaphorically) one after the other holding the semblance of a sceptre in their hands, while the real one is where it should be—in the hands of him who can use it. But this is very far from being Sir Henry Taylor's Dunstan.

The essay on the "Two chief schools of English poetry" divides poets into two kinds, national and ideal, or classical. Under the first division are included Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer; under the second, Milton, Shelley, and Keats. A "national" poet is one who stands in closest relation to his own time, who can read its history and interpret its thought. He is the human poet, great in sympathetic understanding, and thoroughly alive to his environment. He laughs with the large human laugh, which appeals to his humblest readers, and when he sheds tears it is over the sorrows of ordinary men, which he himself has seen. The "ideal" poet, on the contrary, fixes his gaze on something above and beyond the material world, and is alone understood by those of delicate fancy and cultivated imagination. Such were Shelley and Keats. Greek mythological figures had more charm for Shelley than all Wordsworth's peasant girls and shepherd lads, leech-gatherers and sextons, though it would have been better for his friends if he had had more of Wordsworth's human sympathies, and had been a better man, though a lesser poet. It has been put forth as a theory that there were two warring spirits in Shelley: one has left us almost sublime poetry, the other the memory of a life about which those who love him best will be most silent.

Keats was more spirit than body, but it was a sweet and genial spirit whom his fellows could not help loving. In very nature he was a born ideal poet. Earthly, everyday things seemed to awaken in him very little interest. His sensibility on the side of his spiritual nature burned out his human life, and when he died it appears to us now more like the disappearance of a heavenly vision, the sudden eclipse of a light which had attracted us without warming us, and which we saw go without any surprise. He wooed Death with tenderest names and welcomed her at the age of twenty-six with the longing of a man sick and weary of the world. In one of his finest masterpieces, the "Ode to a Nightingale," he thus speaks:

"... and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain--
 To thy high requiem become a sod."

Landor is naturally classed among the classical and ideal poets; he seemed to be more intimately acquainted with the old Roman and Greek worlds than with his own. His genius is not strictly dramatic, for he has not the power of drawing out incident and making one incident work out another; yet for putting a single scene vividly before our eyes, as he does again and again in his, "*Imaginary Conversations*," he has never been surpassed. We read as if bewitched, hardly blinking an eyelid till the scene is closed. Such is he in the "*Tragedy of Rhadamistus and Zenobia*," and in many another. Like the Greeks he takes very little notice of the landscape surrounding his figures; it is on them that he concentrates his attention, and in their relationships there is none of the sentiment of modern poets.

"Where they love, they love much and well,"

with a strong, healthy passion, and all the finer shades of love are left out. "*Gebir*," his longest and most important poem, is spoilt by its length and obscurity, which make it tedious reading.

But this essay on "*Landor's Poetry*" is noteworthy not on account of the remarks on Landor, but for being a beautiful treatise on the poetry and main characteristics generally of the art of the Greeks. Definiteness of form, perfection of outline, they strove after; from anything shadowy, evanescent, mysterious, or involved, they turned away. Symmetry was their aim in architecture, poetry, and music, and to this they sacrificed everything else. Absolute symmetry and order are difficult to attain if the artist in

thought go far beneath the surface for his idea, and so he was fain to be content with the limitations that bound him. The Greek never got beyond *justice* in his moral code. Such virtues as pity, obedience, charity, he would not have understood. These are Christian, and to Christianity the Greek was antagonistic.

But we do not agree with Mr. Aubrey de Vere when, comparing modern poets with classic, he asserts that "secularity is the prevailing character of modern poetry." Our poets, with a few exceptions, are pre-eminently religious and Christian in their ideas of life. It would be hard to find poetry breathing a more Christian spirit than does that of Browning or Tennyson; in fact, many of our younger poets err in sacrificing art to religion.

"Subjective Difficulties in Religion" is very convincing—to those who are convinced already; to any one else the arguments—if they can be called such—are valueless. The writer tries to show that all difficulties in religion can be traced to an absence of power in the person who has them to understand and sympathize with the subject. Very likely, but that is no help to the man who is struggling with his difficulties, and almost overcome by his doubt. Elsewhere the writer says that "the difference between a seeming and a real belief is in religious matters *tested by obedience to duty*." But the difference goes more deeply than that. A man may distinguish himself by a grand devotion to duty, and yet be very far from the belief which makes him a Christian.

Insight, and the truth alone revealed to it when spiritually exercised, breadth and purity of imaginative thought, freedom from all bitterness and base feeling which rob a man of his right judgment, and a subtle delicacy and grace of refinement, will be found in these Essays. They are well worth the reading, and no one will close them, we think, without understanding better and appreciating more highly the wisdom and beauty in our masters of song; and we shall never get beyond our poets in these, for, after all, they teach best who do not try to teach but only to touch the heart.

RUTH BRINDLEY.

UNDER WHICH FLAG ?

THE secession of Lord Hartington and his friends from the National Liberal Club is only another sign of the completeness and, we fear it must be added, the finality of the schism in the Liberal party. It is much to be regretted, on his lordship's own account, that apparently he is still unable to see that the attitude which he has now taken requires the abandonment of the seat which he still persists in holding on the front Opposition bench. In every other respect he has separated himself from the party of which he was once an honoured leader. He does his utmost to lower the authority of its chief, he sneers at its aims and policy, he puts forth a strength such as he never showed on its behalf in his efforts to damage its influence. Why should he be anxious still to sit among its leaders? The time is past when he could plead with any measure of truth that he was still a representative of the old Liberalism. Had this been so, there have been occasions when he must have made this evident by speech or action. An independent Liberal who was faithful to the principles and traditions of the great historic party which bears that honoured name would not have allowed Lord Salisbury's sneer at the "black man" to pass without protest, but, even for the sake of its bearings on the Irish question, would have been anxious to prove his own loyalty to one of the most certain and honourable of old Whig doctrines. Or, to take a more recent example, a constitutional Liberal, especially one occupying a position so anomalous as that of a supporter of a Tory administration, would not have tamely submitted to the monstrous idea propounded by Sir James Ferguson, as the subordinate of Lord Salisbury, that a deliberate utterance of the Foreign Minister, who happens also to be Premier in the House of Lords, on one of the gravest matters of foreign policy is not to be treated as a private opinion. Lord Randolph Churchill's repudiation of so outrageous a contempt, not only of established usage, but also of constitutional maxims, was a condemnation not only of the Government, but

indirectly also of the so-called Liberals whose silence made them accomplices in this high-handed procedure. Such instances themselves are sufficient to show that his lordship's Liberalism is, to say the least, a vanishing quantity.

But we may go further. His latest speech proves how complete is his separation from the party of progress, and it suggests also that this party has gained by the loss. Mr. Gladstone's Limehouse programme was sneered at by some Tory critics as bald and meagre, in forgetfulness of the fact, which must have its pathetic side for all but envenomed partizans, that he is on the verge of his eightieth year, and that whatever reforms he may contemplate must be regarded by him as a work to be done by others when the voice which has so often rallied the people to the conflicts of liberty is silent for ever, and the illustrious name so long a source of inspiration shall only be a memory of the past. But to Lord Hartington it only suggests how far the party has travelled since those days of ease when he was one of its representatives. He is quite right. He was a great obstructive, and the advance is more rapid and steady now that the check which he interposed has been withdrawn. There has been a change in those he has left as well as in himself; why should he not make this manifest by taking his seat by the side of, if not among, the Ministers whom he habitually supports? We are continually told that the line of demarcation at present is between Unionists and Separatists, and that it is the duty of all who are opposed to the "disintegration of the Empire" to uphold the "Unionist" Government. Such talk is indeed mere "bunkum" invented for Tory purposes, but it is strange that those who employ it should insist on the maintenance in this one particular of the old distinction between Whig and Tory. If we have a "Unionist" Government surely Lord Hartington's proper place cannot be on the front bench of the Opposition!

This is not a mere question of arrangement or personal convenience. Under any circumstances it must be extremely awkward for the leaders of an Opposition to have in their midst their most resolute opponents, and occa-

sionally disconcerting to have the taunts or scoffs of the adversaries who confront them echoed with increased emphasis from their own rear. But if this had been all it must have been endured with as much grace as possible. There is in it, however, a deeper significance than this. It helps to keep up the delusion of a fourth party, and to prevent many from perceiving that the day for this neutrality on the part of any Liberals is past, and that they will have to make their choice between a loyal adherence to Mr. Gladstone and the majority and a distinct passing over to the Tory ranks. It is natural enough that this should be regarded by those whose chief aim in politics is to destroy the influence of Mr. Gladstone as the evil day which should be postponed by all possible means, even by some which may not be very chivalrous or honourable. But it must come—it has already come—and it is to be hoped that the frank recognition of the fact will do something towards improving the tone of political conflict, which has become of late repulsive and disquieting to all who care for the honour of the country. It would be absurd to say that the undefined position of Liberal Unionists is the only cause of the passion which every month seems to become fiercer, and to express itself in attacks ever growing ruder, insinuations which have a tendency continually to develop a more malignant type, and invective in which violence seems intended to compensate for lack of finish. But while many causes may be at work to produce this unfortunate result, it can hardly be doubted that the division among Liberals themselves has tended to exacerbate the controversy. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick was never a favourable specimen of Liberalism, but he professed to belong to the party. Even others of his class would fain be accepted as entitled to lay down the standard of Liberal orthodoxy. We will not sully our pages by quoting the speech in which this so-called Liberal, the head of a college, has thought fit to signalize his own opposition to Home Rule. The intensity of passion which it reveals is astounding, but as coming from one who still aspires to be called a Liberal it is specially exasperating. When such men have ranged

themselves with their true friends the position will be better defined, and it may be hoped that the atmosphere will clear, and possibly the temper be improved.

Far be it from us to suggest that every one who still hesitates about Home Rule has gone over to Toryism. But because of such hesitations he takes his place in the Tory ranks, applauds the Tory leaders, condones offences in a Tory Minister which (as Lord Randolph Churchill so well put it) would have exposed Mr. Gladstone to a storm of vituperation had they been committed by him, even in an infinitely milder form, and votes in favour of extreme Tory measures, and he must not complain if strong Liberals decline to recognize him as of their party. The true view of the case is well presented by a correspondent of *The Times*, who writes as one of the rank and file of the Unionist party, and is struck by the difference of the relations between the two sections of the party and those which obtained between the majority and the dissentients on the Bradlaugh question.

During that time Mr. Bradlaugh was kept under political disability on account of his opinions about religion. The Liberals and Radicals in Parliament, who supported the Conservative Opposition and gave practical effect to Tory views of the narrowest kind, were not styled "Dissentients," neither were they required, nor did they propose, to separate themselves from the general organizations of the Liberal party. The action of those members of Parliament struck at the very root of Liberalism as we have understood it in England for fifty years, and created scandal in the House of Commons and in the country. In the present case, where a difference has arisen, the circumstances are not such as to justify the aspersion that Liberals who are not in favour of an Irish Parliament are therefore false to Liberalism.

It would hardly be possible to find a more perfect contrast to the present situation, or one which more completely justifies the view we have always maintained in these pages. It was supposed, at the election of 1886, that the Unionists would occupy a similar position to that of the opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh in the Parliament of 1880. It is because they have played the very opposite part that there is so marked a difference in the relations which they have established. The dissentients of 1880 differed on the one question with

regret, and on all others were consistent Liberals. Our present dissentients lose no opportunity of flouting their old leader and his friends, and vote against them more steadily than the Tories themselves. A position so anomalous is injurious to public life in every way, and the sooner it is exchanged for one in harmony with the facts the better for political morality, and for the reputation of public men seriously injured by these controversial re-criminations. Those who, like the writer above quoted, are loyal to Liberal principles, despite their opposition to Home Rule, will keep their place in the old party, but the steady supporters of Lord Salisbury, with the aristocratic arrogance and the hatred of popular demands, and the Jingo temper which marks his policy everywhere, who are prepared to give him Mr. Goschen's historic "blank cheque" for the repression of Liberal movements everywhere, and who, in fact, will sacrifice everything for which the party has worked for years in order to please Irish landlords, should go out from us, since assuredly they are not of us.

The return of Unionists—like Mr. Palmer of Reading and Mr. Alderman Richardson of Stockton—to the Liberal ranks is extremely gratifying, not only because of the accession of strength they bring, but as an indication that men of their stamp are realizing the facts of the situation. Convinced Nonconformists will not be greatly exercised as to their choice. Their principles make them Liberals, and though there are many (and among them one or two whose separation from us in this movement for doing justice to Ireland we greatly deplore) who do not see that Liberalism means Home Rule, they will not support a Government whose leading members are consistent in their enmity to Nonconformity. Probably some of them may abstain from political action until this question is settled, but the failure of the Nonconformist Unionist Committee to attract to their banquet a solitary man whose name counts for a feather's weight as an influence in Nonconformist politics is sufficiently significant as to the tendencies of opinion amongst us.

To those who may be hesitating, or even be still hostile,

we would present some considerations which we venture to think should have some weight.

When they gave their support to Liberal Unionists in 1886, they intended to defeat Mr. Gladstone's proposals, but not to subject the country to years of Tory supremacy, not even to deprive Ireland of the blessings of local government, or to place over her a ruler whose chief business is to put her patriots in prison, and when they are there to assail them with "flouts and jibes and jeers," in which he is proving himself almost as distinguished a master as his uncle himself. To those who admire this gentleman's interesting mode of procedure—his defence of the extreme demands of landlords, and employment of all the forces of the State in order to uphold them; his approval of all the actions of the Irish officials, fit representatives of the class which in his better times Mr. Chamberlain could so vigorously denounce; his insolent parade of the unsupported assertions of his agents as though they were decisive and final; his ill-timed merriment over his colleagues in Parliament whom the votes of Liberal Unionists have for the time placed in his power; his arrogant bearing to statesmen who, at all events, have established their right by virtue of their ability and long experience to respectful treatment—nothing remains to be said. If this be the man whom English Nonconformity in the nineteenth century delights to honour, alas for English Nonconformity! The distance which separates Mr. Gladstone from Mr. Balfour is almost immeasurable. The adroit fencer who is ever on the wake for any opening at which he may direct his thrust, not against the arguments, but against the abilities of his illustrious opponent, is a complete contrast to the experienced and dignified statesman who, with the burden of nearly eighty years upon him, is doing battle for a people whose one claim upon his sympathy is his profound conviction that they are the victims of injustice and oppression. If the question were, as surely it has come to be, whether Ireland can best be governed on the principles of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour, there can be little hesitation on the part of any who

believe that there are mightier forces than the "chariot and horses" of arbitrary power. For even if the highest principles of all, the principles of righteousness and mercy to which a true Christian statesman should ever have regard, were left out of account, Mr. Balfour would be condemned on mere political considerations. His tone, the temper of his administration, his attitude to opponents, might be becoming in the minister of despotism; they are altogether out of place in a constitutional statesman.

We are told that Irishmen have only to obey the law and they have nothing to fear. The same was true in 1885, and if at that time Coercion was a tyranny, and Dublin Castle answered to the description then given by Mr. Chamberlain, how is it that it has suddenly been transformed into a necessary administration of law. But this plea about law is scarcely what was to have been expected from Nonconformists. Our fathers certainly believed in an authority superior to law, and, in truth, but for such a belief not only on their part, but on the part of champions of right everywhere, the cause of liberty and progress would have fared but badly in the world. We are celebrating what is talked of as the "glorious Revolution," which is, in fact, about the one historical achievement to which Whigs can point. But even that was won by a breach of law. It is not necessary, however, to travel back even to the seventeenth century to find examples of resistance to law which have the sympathy and sanction both of Whigs and Tories. What means the opposition with which we are continually menaced from Ulster but a determination to resist the law even by force of arms? Those who can listen approvingly to these vain-glorious boasts, and can cite them as arguments against Home Rule, are surely not entitled to pose as being *par excellence* champions of law and order. They are uttered by the Nonconformist Unionists of Ireland, who delight to honour Lords Salisbury and Hartington, and these noblemen find in them nothing to rebuke.

It is simply untrue (to have recourse to Mr. Balfour's favourite phrase) to represent us as indifferent to the main-

tenance of rightful authority, or as apologists for crime. Where there is crime by all means let it be punished. Our complaint is, that Coercion is directed against the right of free speech and public meeting rather than against crime, that political offences are treated as though they were felonies, that old statutes are raked up against men who had no idea that they were doing wrong, and in general that the administration of the law has been carried out in a vindictive spirit. It is no answer to such a contention to say that whatever has been done has been with the sanction of the law. Even that is not always so, for the cases in which the Supreme Court has quashed convictions suggests that if appeals could have been more frequent more illegal proceedings might have been detected. But waiving this point and supposing the entire action of Mr. Balfour and his subordinates to have been perfectly legal, that does not end the case. The law is the Crimes Act, and for that the present Parliamentary majority is wholly responsible. The more closely the qualifications of resident magistrates for the work assigned them under the Act are examined, the more monstrous does it appear that to them should be given power over the liberties of their fellow subjects. In no position is a judicial temper more essential than in that of men invested with absolute power so far as their jurisdiction extends. But in most of them it is conspicuously absent. It is the misfortune of Ireland that it is so seldom to be found among the magistrates on either side. The unfairness of some of the Coroners has been strongly insisted on by Unionists, and some of their charges can hardly be gainsaid. But Irish Coroners are only affected by class prejudices just as these resident magistrates are. The difference between the two is that the latter can commit their opponents to prison for six months.

The administration of the law has been worse than the law itself. Mr. Balfour seems to fancy that he disposes of every statement on this point by a blunt "it is untrue." This mode of warfare has been carried a trifle too far even for those most disposed to judge him favourably. *The Birmingham Post* represents the Radical wing

of the Unionists, and has more than once shown itself extremely restive. The speech at Leeds roused it to a protest which must express the feelings of numbers of the party of which it is the organ. To represent the address of Mr. Gladstone at Bingley Hall as the appeal of a madman to a Birmingham mob was too much even for this Unionist advocate, and must surely be too much for all sober-minded men. They will feel at least what Mr. Chamberlain expressed so well when Mr. Gladstone was eleven years younger.

I am certain there will be a signal condemnation of the men who, moved by motives of party spite—(laughter and cheers)—have not hesitated to treat with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time, who have not allowed even his age, which should have commanded their reverence, or his experience, which entitled him to their respect, or his high personal character and long services, to shelter him from the lying accusations of which he has been made the subject.

There remains the further and most conclusive objection of all that neither the violent denunciation nor the petty quibbling by which it is sustained proves anything. It does not get rid of a solitary awkward fact, reduce the number of evictions, or bring back to life the unhappy victims of this melancholy conflict. The heartless attempt to blacken the reputation of Mr. Mandeville leaves the facts of his death untouched. Mr. Balfour's cynical indifference to the fate of the peasants who fell in the Mitchelstown massacre does not exonerate the police whom he defends with zeal so indiscreet. The pitiful pretence that the sick man who died within an hour or two of his ejection from his poor cottage died of the exposure not of the eviction, can impose on no one; it is strange if it can have satisfied even himself. The uneasy impression remains on the minds of those whom it is most desired to convince—the men, that is, who are sitting on the fence, that a harsh law has been harshly, not to say cruelly, administered. At this point Lord Randolph Churchill, of all men, comes in to strengthen the very feeling which is pregnant with the most serious danger to the Ministry. He recalls with satisfaction that he said long ago that "Coercion ought to be administered thoroughly," and though he admits that the saying was incautious, it is

clear that he holds the same view still. He is to be thanked for the word. It expresses the exact truth, though it would have been heard with scorn had it been uttered by any Liberal critic. But Coercion—much more Coercion administered brutally—is what Englishmen, and especially true English Liberals, and least of all English Nonconformists, will not long endure. Mr. Balfour is deceived by the cheers of his supporters, whether at the Church Congress, Primrose League Habitations, or Tory Federations. These are not the people he has to win, but the men who like Coercion as little as Home Rule, and who sooner or later will be forced into Home Rule rather than continue a system of government which cannot afford any relief from existing difficulties, which is opposed to all their convictions and sentiments, and which is fraught with peril to the Empire, for whose preservation it is professedly adopted. For if there be one point in which Mr. Balfour fails more completely than any other, it is in the proof that he has made any advance towards the conciliation of Ireland. He has doubtless achieved the remarkable distinction of having imprisoned nearly a fourth of the Irish representatives, but instead of weakening their influence on the people he has succeeded in elevating them to the rank of heroes and martyrs. On the other hand, there is not the most shadowy hint that he has gained such a hold on Irish opinion as to promise the capture of a solitary Nationalist seat, and indeed it seems tolerably certain that were a general election to occur the Unionists would lose seats in Ulster—the only province in which they have seats to lose. The question then naturally presents itself, especially to those whose Liberalism is beyond question, and who differ from the majority of their party on this Irish question alone, How long is this state of things to last? It may be convenient to the Tory party that it should be perpetuated. The idea that the suppression of the Home Rule movement is the one political task of the hour, and that they are the only men to do it, is so eminently satisfactory to them that it is not surprising to find them eager in insisting upon it. But it can hardly be so acceptable to those who see with

deep regret all kinds of reform postponed, and what is even worse, the party of reaction consolidated and strengthened in all parts of the country, as the result of the present schism in the Liberal ranks.

There is this to be said for the Liberal party and for its great chief—Mr. Gladstone has the confidence of the Irish people to an extent never enjoyed by any English statesman since the Union, and unless there be some strong consideration to be set on the opposite side, this alone would mark him out as the proper leader in this great reconciliation between two peoples who have been far too long estranged. Is there any reason why those who hitherto have been proud to follow him should deny him this honour?

If he acted with too much precipitation (as is so frequently alleged) he has at least paid the penalty of such eagerness, and events have certainly proved that he had judged rightly when he felt that the Irish problem could not longer be postponed. Certainly he has given abundant proofs of a capacity to deal with it such as is possessed by none of his contemporaries. His followers have been too meek and gentle with assailants, who have attacked him with a truculence which has seldom been equalled. Such men, who have mistaken notoriety for eminence, have gone about talking of a man whose intellectual power they are unable to gauge or appreciate, as though he were a worn-out force. It would have been extremely amusing had there not been a graver side to the whole matter, to see men who have never carefully examined the most elementary points in the Irish problem gravely shaking their heads over the mistakes of Mr. Gladstone. The simple truth which needs to be emphasized is, that in all matters of statesmanship he is without a rival. What he proposes will be conceived in a spirit of the loftiest patriotism; for as there is no man whose name is more honourably associated with the history of his country, so can there be no one who has a more sincere desire for her true and abiding glory. Had any other nation such a problem before it, and a statesman of ability so rare and experience so ripe, and yet refused to avail itself of his advice, we should be the

first and the loudest in condemnation of its folly. Why should we present to the world a spectacle of such infatuation? It is high time to sweep away the prejudice and misrepresentations which have gathered round our great leader, and for all who agree in his fundamental principle to aid him in a work which would be the grandest achievement of a great and noble life. He has no pet scheme of his own to force upon the country. On the contrary, he has expressed his desire that the question should be settled on a basis acceptable to both parties in the State, and will accept any measure which gives Ireland a local Parliament, but at the same time preserves the supremacy of the Imperial Government.



WORKS OF BIBLICAL EXPOSITION.*

Dr. Cox has been so long recognized as *facile princeps* in the work of Biblical exegesis that a melancholy interest attaches to the preface to the fourth series of his discourses. When he ceased to be the editor of *The Expositor*, the inception and success of which were due, we believe, to himself, and of which he had, during the whole of its existence, been the mainstay, it was hoped that he would still be able to continue his invaluable services by the publication of volumes such as that before us. But from the announcement here made it would seem as though this fourth of the series were also to be the last.

I never intended it (he says) to run to more than six or seven volumes; but I frankly confessed in the preface to Volume I. that I could not "afford to publish books which do not sell," and as my publisher informs me that he is still "out of pocket" by the adventure, I must perforce discontinue the Series a little earlier than I had intended.

* *Expositions*. Vol. IV. By SAMUEL COX, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.) *The House and its Builder*, &c. By SAMUEL COX, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.) *The People's Bible*. Vol. IX.: 1 Chron. x.—2 Chron. xx. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney.)

The Christian world, and especially the teaching section of it, will be the poorer if this determination is to be persevered in. But there must be a fault somewhere when this is the case. Here is a series almost unique in its value; for, whether we agree with Dr. Cox or differ from him, it is impossible to deny that the felicity with which he handles Scripture is altogether exceptional. The value of his researches is altogether apart from the truth of the conclusions which he draws from them. The man who studies these discourses may remain unconvinced of the soundness of some of the reasonings, but if he has a candid and open mind, he must feel that the subject has assumed a new aspect, and that the insight he has got into the mode of exposition has given the Bible a new value in his eyes. Yet it seems there is not a sufficient *clientèle* in the ministers and members of all Churches to remunerate the author of such volumes.

No author (says Dr. Cox, in grateful recognition of the favourable criticism he has received on all sides) surely was ever more generously handled. Certainly I remember no Nonconformist author who has received such kindly and generous appreciation from the organ of the Established Church, or from writers in many leading papers and magazines which do not ordinarily notice Biblical and theological works.

Yet the upshot of all these kindly sentiments and favourable notices is, to put it baldly and briefly, the venture did not pay. Some reasons may be suggested in explanation. Dr. Cox's name is identified with the advocacy of the "larger hope." Had he been a dean or an archdeacon, that would have counted for nothing against him, might even have told in his favour. It is no use complaining of this. It is only another illustration of the old saying—

That in the captain's but a choleric word
That in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Perhaps it is somewhat curious that this rule should be extended over religious teachers, and that those who have accepted such teachings, say, as those of Dean Stanley

should be scandalized by much slighter deviations from the beaten path by a Dissenting minister who strikes out an independent course is sure sooner or later to discover. Still, after making every allowance of this kind, it is disappointing to find that for any cause such books as this are not commercial successes. Dr. Cox would have had a far better chance if he had issued sermons deficient in thought and vigour but full of what is called unction. The volume itself is fully equal to its predecessors, and it needs no higher praise. There is one curious statement in the preface, which is intended to explain the considerations which have guided the preacher in his selection. In deference to the critics he has included some of the more obscure characters of the Bible. "And," he says, "so many clergymen have written to tell me that they use my sermons in their pulpits, and find that those which are complete in themselves best serve their turn, that I have excluded a long series which I had prepared, and have replaced it with discourses more suitable for their purpose. For there is no man, I suppose, who holds the truths we all teach with strong conviction, but would gladly preach them from a thousand pulpits, if he could." Dr. Cox's wish is natural enough, but for ourselves we should like to know whether proper recognition of the authorship is made from the pulpits. In our judgment nothing could be more immoral than for a man to preach the sermons of another as his own, unless it be the excuses which are sometimes made for so dishonest a practice. Certainly any congregation would be greatly profited by having one of these sermons read to them, only on condition that there is a full understanding that the preacher is reading the thoughts of another, not giving forth his own. As to this last volume, it is not possible to take up any sermon, hardly even to open a single page, without finding something that is fresh and inspiring. The trilogy, as it may be called, on Demetrius, Diotrephes, and Gaius is an extremely attractive picture of Christian life in its first days. But our favourite discourse on the whole is his remarkable exposition of Isaiah (chap. liv.) under the title "God is Love."

A more remarkable or striking exposition of this great cardinal truth is not easily to be found. It is the old jewel, but its setting is new and beautiful. We may find in it the foundation of Dr. Cox's belief in a "larger hope." It is rooted in the infinite love of God, not in any theory which minimizes the guilt of sin. That he has no leanings to the latter is fully shown in the very powerful discourse.

The other volume includes, says the author, "the last ten sermons I have been allowed to preach, the only sermons I was able to preach during the last six months of a pastorate extending over a quarter of a century, and of a ministry which has lasted some forty years." The congregation to which they were addressed, and at whose request they have been published, will greatly prize these farewell utterances of an honoured pastor. But there are numbers outside who will regard the volume with an interest only less sacred and tender than that felt by the congregations which were privileged to hear them. They have a distinctive character which gives them a special value. We include them in this brief notice because of our wish to link them with the author's other book; but in fact they are apologetic rather than expository. Their value has been already proved by their influence on some whom they "have served to recover to an active and cheerful faith in the Father of all men, and the Saviour of all," from a state in which they were alike "without a God whom they could love, or a hope which they could cherish, and in which they could confide." They are addressed to a class which needs peculiarly careful handling, but whose special difficulties seem to be hardly understood, if indeed the existence of thinkers of their type is recognized at all by many who regard themselves as teachers and defenders of the faith.

They are not addressed to those who are either hostile to religion or indifferent to it; but to that large and increasing class to whom the loss of a reasonable faith is as a sentence of death, who long to believe and yet find the dogmas in which they have been reared growing more and more incredible to them; and who forbode with a sinking and reluctant heart that they may be compelled to renounce the

faith they once held. By its timidity, its hardness, its controversies and divisions, the Church is largely answerable—more answerable, I fear, than that advance of scientific thought and method which it too often condemns as alone responsible—for the existence of this class.

These are wise and weighty words. Let their truth be not only admitted but felt, and the first step will have been taken towards their recovery. We want our apologetics recast, for the sake of this class quite as much as for those who are positively antagonistic. Dr. Cox has given an admirable example of what may be done.

Dr. Parker has an exceedingly tough task in his present volume—in some respects one of the toughest he will have to face in the course of his great work. The critic indeed may find abundant material on which to exercise his ingenuity in the comparison between these records and those in the Books of Kings, but there is little to tempt the expositor in the long catalogue of names or the brief recitals of the rise and fall of the various monarchs who ruled over the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. To give life and freshness to these old pages of Jewish story, to trace the working of God's great purpose through the whole, to bring out traits of individual character or develop suggestive hints so as to present a new and vivid conception of the course of events, and draw out the lessons they convey, is no light undertaking. But Dr. Parker has so fully succeeded in it that he has made this portion of the record, generally regarded as one of the least inviting portions of the Bible, singularly attractive. Some of the headings of the separate discourses are themselves sufficient to indicate the remarkable ability with which the subject is handled. Thus out of the record of the deeds of daring and valour by which the leaders of David's host carved out distinction, the preacher takes the simple phrase, "These things did these three mightiest," and from it speaks of "unrecorded heroisms." His aim is to guard against the repressive influence which the contemplation of the great leaders of the Church may have on those whose hearts may kindle with just as ardent a desire, but who are painfully aware

of the interval which separates them from these heroes. "Knox, Luther, and Wesley are not to be regarded as deterrents, driving away all humble-minded and poorly gifted servants of the Cross; they rather stand out among the mightiest to show that even the humblest labourer does not go without recognition or reward." There is true insight as well as sympathetic dealing with men here. The danger of allowing our admiration of the illustrious servants of the Cross to end in admiration, from our consciousness of inability to approach their level, is a very real one, and all the more so because it arises out of some of the best sentiments of our nature—our homage to what is noble and our lowly estimate of ourselves. It is to this tendency that Dr. Parker opposes these wise and stirring words: "Let each of us look at the mightiest and say, 'I, too, am a man.' Let each of us look at the immortals and say, 'I, too, am alive.' These were three mightiest; there may be a countless host of mightiest, and yet the very poorest woman who touches the hem of the Saviour's garment may receive power to go forward and heal and comfort others." In a different line, but one not less valuable in its suggestion, is the brief section on "Holy Ebullitions," based on the turning aside of the ark into the house of Obed-Edom. "Who knows whether this turning aside was not the real meaning of the punishment which fell upon Uzza? Things may be larger than they seem at first sight. By very small occurrences the course of great lives may be changed in history. . . . A study of the 'asides' of life would confirm us in our general Christian faith." There is genius of a very striking kind in touches of this kind. In them much of Dr. Parker's strength lies. That discourses in which they abound should lay hold of the hearer is not wonderful. They startle him by unexpected views of truth and duty, they present familiar texts in a new light, they fire the imagination, they work their way quietly into the conscience. The student feels them to be stimulating, and for him a sermon could hardly have a higher recommendation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WALKING along Fleet Street on the day after the late action at Suakin, my thoughts involuntarily travelled back to a Christmas in a distant past, when England was at war as she is to-day. Between the two wars—the terrible struggle of the earlier date against the gigantic power of the Russian Empire, and the wanton purposeless and cowardly fight with some wild Arabs led on by still wilder dervishes of to-day—there is the most marked contrast. Whatever judgment be formed as to the right or wrong of that Crimean war—and I still think it is easier to criticize it than to show how it could have been avoided—it must at all events be confessed that in the Czar of all the Russias, Great Britain had a foe worthy of her steel. It was no holiday conflict—that which was waged through the weary months of that cruel winter on the exposed heights of Sebastopol in the sight of an astonished Europe, wondering as much at the ineptitude of our rulers as at the gallant endurance of our soldiers. In that year as in this there was a winter session of Parliament, though one of a very different character from that of 1888. It was called solely for the purposes of the war, and the tidings which arrived during the sittings produced a profound impression upon the House of Commons, which was spread through the country as the members returned to their homes for the Christmas holidays. I was then residing in Ashton-under-Lyne, and one of my deacons was a Lancashire representative. I remember to this hour the intense emotion with which he told me of his Parliamentary experiences, and especially of the extraordinary effect produced by the speech of the great Nonconformist statesman whose sick-bed all England without distinction of sect or party has been watching with such intense anxiety. That speech was not only one of Mr. Bright's most brilliant orations, but it will ever remain one of the classic passages of our oratory. It is aglow with conviction and passion as well as genius. Mr. Bright spoke as only they can speak who are possessed by their theme and whose

theme is of a lofty character. There is fire in every word and force in every argument. The Ministers whom he impeached as the authors of the war literally cowered under his stinging rebukes, the whole assembly was touched as it seldom is touched by that wonderful passage in which he pictured the losses of the house itself with such vividness that under the spell of his eloquence it seemed as though the flapping of the wings of the angel of death could be heard. That speech brought home to the mind and heart of the nation the sufferings of its gallant soldiers as they had not been realized before, and the impression spread a thick pall over that Christmastide. It was not possible to enjoy a time of festivity when the voice of mourning was in so many households, and when so many of England's bravest sons were rotting in the trenches, perishing in unequal battles ending in useless victories or wearing out hope, energy, and life in the tedium of that harassing siege.

There is nothing of this kind in the war of to-day. No long lists of killed and wounded sadden our Christmas hours, no evenly-balanced struggle fills us with continued apprehension and anxiety. The cry is of a "glorious victory," and when the first telegrams arrived the cries of the newsboys made night hideous with their shouts of "A thousand killed!" For the time, as it has been well said, "Jingoism was run mad," and in its madness forgot that a thousand Arabs are as much the children of the common Father, and are as much interested in the coming of Jesus Christ to seek and to save the lost as a thousand Englishmen. Happily subsequent reports have reduced the number of the slain, and so have lessened the extent of the blood-guiltiness of the nation. But what a terrible satire on our Christmas celebrations is this ghastly event. We are gathering in our Christian assemblies to sing the Advent songs, and rejoice in the Advent Gospel; we are chanting our Hallelujahs to the Prince of Peace, and praying that He may be crowned Lord of all; and while we are doing it

hundreds of corpses are whitening on the desert of the Soudan, the victims we have offered to the Moloch of war. There are those who would silence God's messengers if their protest of wrong-doing can be represented as having the colour of party politics. Happily or unhappily we can be liable to no such suggestion here. Neither party can throw a stone at the other, for neither party is free from sin, nor is it necessary for us to inquire how far either has repented of past offences, and is resolved to turn aside from this primrose path of military glory and choose a humbler but a better policy of righteousness, whose work is peace and its result quietness and assurance for ever. Enough for our purpose if we can rouse the conscience of the people to an appreciation of the facts, if we can make the hearts of Christians feel how the name of their God must be blasphemed in the sight of the heathen when a great Christian nation in its dealings with savages can do nothing better than sink to their level. To thoughtful minds the occurrence of this event at Christmas accentuates every point of its moral with a special emphasis. Repulsive as such spectacles are at any time, they are peculiarly so when they are thrust upon us at the very time when we are professing to commemorate that great event by which all nations are to be gathered into the unity of faith. We read in this Christmas season of that latter day when nations shall beat their swords into p'oughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and we show our want of sympathy with these visions by nurturing the pride of life in ourselves and wreaking our vengeance on those who dispute our sway. It may be true—it is true—that a large and increasing section of the nation feels all this, and is humbled by the evidence that England has not yet risen to the height of her great opportunity. But how long is this to last? How long is our national policy to be controlled by those whose voice is ever for war, and who seem to be equally powerful whatever be the colour of the Ministry? It may be that here, as in all good causes, the vision may be long, but for those who desire and hope for it the duty is clear—ever to renew our protest against the encroachments of

a rampant militarism in whose eyes "might is right" and to repeat with ever-increasing distinctness, that message of goodwill to all mankind which is borne in upon us in the music of our Christmas bells.

The London Congregational Union has been making an extremely interesting experiment at Lambeth Baths. The movement originated in a small gathering of ministers of South London, which was followed by a larger Conference, including private members as well as ministers, held at the Lecture Room of the Brixton Church, to consider whether the Congregational Churches of the district could take any united action for the purpose of meeting the indifference of large classes of the population, and especially the artisans. The Conference was very much what such assemblies are too apt to become, except that underneath a good deal of talk, much of which was not relevant or practical, there were manifest indications of an earnest desire that something definite should at least be attempted. A committee was appointed, which entered into consultation with the Committee of the London Union. Eventually it was determined to take tentative action by meetings of working men at the Lambeth Baths, kindly placed by Rev. W. Mottram at the service of the Union. Whatever success has attended the experiment is doubtless due in part to the preparation made for the meetings by Mr. Mottram, who is carrying on with so much vigour and success the work begun by our lamented brother, Rev. G. M. Murphy. It is fair to acknowledge that we are building upon the foundation which these two brethren have laid.

The first meeting was held on Wednesday, December 5th, when a lecture was delivered by the Editor of this Review, on "Christianity and its Critics;" the second on the Sunday following, when the lecturer was Rev. Dr. Stevenson. In both cases the attendance was numerous, and the attitude of the evidently-interested audiences most encouraging. But the feature of both these meetings was the free interchange of opinion between the lecturer and the

people. On the Wednesday evening Mr. Wilson, M.P. for Holmfirth division, presided, and he had no sooner announced that Mr. Rogers was prepared to answer questions than a young man rose up to state his difficulties, and propound his questions with as much courtesy of manner as earnestness of spirit. Others followed in rapid succession, and as the hour was late, Mr. Rogers suggested a separate meeting to be given entirely to this kind of conference. This was arranged for Wednesday, December 19th, when there was a gathering of from two hundred to three hundred people, principally men. For an hour and a half there was a brisk interchange of question and answer, and though the ordeal had its trials, the lecturer, at all events, enjoyed his part, and was devoutly grateful for the spirit which was shown by his questioners, and by the audience generally. These are a few general conclusions to which he was led, or which, it might be more correct to say, were strengthened by the experiences of the two evenings. The first is that actual hostility to the gospel itself is less common and rampant than pessimists on the Christian side, and too confident champions of unbelief on the other, are prone to represent. Then, secondly, it was clear that much of the hostility which does exist is directed against a particular type of religion, which sceptical teachers have represented as Christianity. It is impossible to deny that these teachers have much to justify their representations. The only way to meet them is to call away the attention from Christianity as set forth in theological systems to Christ Himself. To bring men back to the simplicity that is in Christ should be the constant aim of all who would win these classes to sympathy with religion. Their teachers are fond of detaining them amid all kinds of subtle speculations and curious questionings. Our aim should be to show them that however these be settled Christ still remains, and that the word which they have to receive or reject is the "good tidings of great joy" that God has sent His Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might have life. To the difficulties or negations of unbelief, we have to oppose

the truth as it is in Jesus. No one can enter on the work without being forced soon to understand its delicacy and difficulty, but kindly feeling, absolute frankness, broad sympathy, and a little tact will do much in the removal of prejudices which are among the most serious hindrances to faith.

How the difficulty of dealing with unbelievers is increased almost indefinitely by those who claim to be defenders of the faith is apparent in two incidents which have just occurred. The first is the curious correspondence which has been provoked by a Sabbatarian address of the Bishop of Liverpool, to which it was objected that a bishop who drove through the city in a carriage with liveried footmen on the Sunday could not consistently lecture others on Sabbath observance. The first attempt at defence contended that the bishop had to officiate in heavy robes, and therefore the use of a carriage was a necessity. But the reply to this was obvious. If the use of the carriage was wrong, then the system which enjoined the use of these heavy robes could not be right, and so bishops would be required to surrender some of the pomp and circumstance attaching to their office if the idea of a Jewish Sabbath were to be maintained. Besides the plea for the carriage would hardly cover the liveried footmen. Perhaps it was because it was felt to be insufficient that some Evangelical Church papers have set up another. The bishop (it is contended by *The Rock*) has to drive from one church to another, at which he had to officiate, but his action comes under the same category as the priests in the Temple who profaned the law and yet were blameless. The bishop may satisfy his own conscience in this way, but can he or his friends imagine that he will silence objectors who cannot understand a law by which its defenders find such ingenious methods of evading? We do not condemn his practice, but we see not how it is to be reconciled with extreme Sabbatarian views. We view with anxiety the disposition to get rid of the Sunday, but this tendency is not to be resisted by laying down

Sabbatical laws which are not to be found in the New Testament, and are inconsistent with the spirit of our Lord's teaching, especially if they be accompanied with a schedule of exemptions for bishops. There is a Christian Sunday whose sanctity we should seek to conserve at all costs, but it is as far removed from that Jewish Sabbath whose formalism our Lord so often and so emphatically condemned as from the frivolity and licence of a continental Sunday, which all sober-minded Christians dread. The other incident is the action of a bishop in attributing a speech to Mr. John Morley which he never made at all. Mr. Morley has written explaining the genesis of one of the most shameful misrepresentations we have recently met. It is one of the things which cannot be allowed to drop. Church defenders are only too fond of using such weapons, and it is necessary that they should be exposed at every point. But we forbear further comment until the bishop has made his explanations. At present an absolute silence is maintained.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MRS. HENRY SANFORD in her most valuable contribution to a fuller knowledge of Coleridge and some of his friends, entitled *Thomas Poole and his Friends* (Macmillan and Co.), which itself is one of the most attractive books of the season, says, "Once as I sat surrounded by old letters and note-books, wearisome to copy, and not always *easy* to decipher, I was rather amused at finding myself interrupted by a faithful old servant, who gravely remonstrated with me for allowing myself to become entangled in what to her appeared to be a very unnecessary expenditure of time and pains. '*And what for?*' she demanded, very emphatically; '*there's many a hundred dozen books already as nobody ever reads.*'" Reflections of this kind must sometimes force themselves upon those who have a higher appreciation of books than Mrs. Sanford's housemaid, and

yet it is certain that books which critics esteem of but little value, and which are not likely to have a permanent place in literature, find more readers than might be expected. Of course many of the more ephemeral works are just those which are most widely read. There has been a rage lately for memoirs of actors—"One," says Mr. George Moore, "of the absurdities and inconveniences that result from the social deification of 'her Majesty's Servants,' the attempt to fuse the theatre and the drawing-room." It is inevitable that such books as Mapleson's *Memoirs* and others of the same class should attract attention. Even those who do not frequent the theatre want to know something about the prominent figures on the stage. So it happens, as Mr. George Moore tells us in his scathing article on "Mummer Worship" in *The Universal Review*: "Mummers interrupt our path in life—their virtue, their beauty, their successes, their books—for lately they have taken to writing books. Books about what? About themselves." It is of little use complaining, and indeed the appetite for gossip, euphemistically called personal reminiscences, which some of our newspapers do so much to foster, has in it nothing that is admirable. Happily there are biographical works of a very different character. Principal Tulloch was not only a remarkable man in himself, but was a representative of a class but imperfectly understood, a leader indeed of what may be described as the Broad School in the Church of Scotland. It is exceedingly desirable that we should have an exact idea of the position occupied by such men, and no one is better able to give it than Mrs. Oliphant, whose work is an exceedingly graceful and instructive piece of biography. Another biography well worthy of notice is the brief but touching sketch that Mr. Walter Besant calls *The Eulogy of Richard Jeffries*. To Congregationalists the most interesting biography of the times is that of *Henry Ward Beecher* which however comes to hand too late to be noticed at present.

.

But while we have had a large number of fairly good

books, there has of late been a scarcity of what may be called really great works. The credit of this season, at all events, is amply saved by Mr. Bryce's most valuable work on the *American Commonwealth* (Macmillan and Co.). *The Spectator* complains that it is too big, but in its new Unionist temper *The Spectator* is nothing if not critical, especially on a writer who is guilty of the unpardonable sin of believing in Home Rule. It is satisfactory to think that this is the only fault it is able to find. Mr. Bryce meant to write an exhaustive book, and it could not but be a big one. It may be safely left to readers to find out for themselves what parts they can omit. Of course we shall return to the book, and deal more elaborately with it. In the meantime let us say that it has all the qualities of a great classic work, and promises to do for its own department what Mr. Bryce's former work on the *Holy Roman Empire* did for a period in history previously left in comparative obscurity.

To Mr. Fisher Unwin we are indebted for a book which is entitled to take equally high rank. It is the new edition of Villari's *Memoirs of Savonarola*. The first edition was published twenty-five years ago, and during the interval the distinguished scholar has made his great countryman a constant study. He has not altered his views in relation to his character and work, but he is able to illustrate them by a much larger induction of facts. "In our opinion," he says, "Savonarola's historic grandeur consists in his having dared to believe amid general doubt, and in having upheld, against the scandals of the Borgia and the sceptical cynicism of the philosophers, the forgotten and derided rights of Christianity, liberty, and reason." This is the point of view presented in the biography, as we hope to show in a fuller notice. The getting up of the book deserves a word of special praise. It is dedicated to "the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, champion of Italian freedom, master of Italian learning."

That the subject of Inspiration and the authority of the Bible is engaging an attention in some degree commen-

surate with its importance is attested by the number of books which deal more or less directly with it. Dr. Monro Gibson's work on the *Christianity of Christ* and Canon Scott Holland's *On Behalf of Belief* are admirable pieces of apologetic literature, and, of course, refer more or less directly to the theme. Dr. Momerie has just issued a volume on Inspiration which we propose to review in conjunction with those from the Congregational side. The necessity for some definite and defensible position on the question will not be doubted by any one who has come into contact with any intelligent sceptic. It is the consciousness of this which makes us anxious as to the uncompromising and, we must add, unreasoning conservatism on the one side, and the hasty and needless concessions sometimes made upon the other. Mr. Spurgeon's extraordinary onslaught on Professor Cave's book can only fill one with dismay. While a large number of men as devout and as loyal to Christ and the gospel as Mr. Spurgeon himself regard our friend, who is conspicuous as a champion of orthodoxy, as too conservative, Mr. Spurgeon treats him as though he were an enemy in disguise. If this tone is to be adopted there must be some justification for it. It is not enough to fling out accusations of heresy. Orthodoxy must be clearly defined, and what is even more difficult, must be so defended as to justify its pretensions. The world has a right to know what the standard is and by whom it has been erected. It is idle to talk as having authority unless it be made clear from whom the authority comes. As a matter of fact there is no question to which such varying answers have been given by men whose soundness in the faith none would dispute as this, "What is Inspiration?" and there is nothing which is so likely to weaken the hold of the Bible on the minds and hearts of men as an attempt to force upon them some particular definition. At the same time, the evil consequences of reckless talk as to the human element in the book cannot well be exaggerated. "Am I," Mr. Rogers was asked at his recent Conference with working men, "at liberty to take out of the Bible what I do not like and reject it?"

The question shows the necessity of wise and careful statement.

.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are doing great service to Christian ministers, and indeed to all who love the Bible by their invaluable publications in expository literature. *The Expositor* continues to do the same kind of work by which it has, from the beginning, earned the gratitude of numbers of readers. But we regard it as secondary to the series which is now being issued under the title of "The Expositor's Bible." Two of the latest volumes have just reached us—Canon Smith's on *Isaiah*, and Dr. Plummer on the *Pastoral Epistles*. Of the latter, we have not been able to make even a cursory examination, but the former seems of almost unique excellence and value. The wonderful book of old prophecy is clothed with fresh life and beauty by an interpreter who, in order to understand it, has sought to put himself in the prophet's place, to call up his surroundings, to realize what his mission was, to draw out of his words the teachings for all times as well as for his own. In picturesqueness of style, as well as in originality of thought, the book could not easily be surpassed. A man who thus invests the old record with a fresh charm, has done no ordinary service to the Church of Christ. If any kind-hearted layman has a desire to gratify his pastor, and to do it in such a way as to benefit the congregation at the same time, he could hardly do better than make him a New Year's gift of this excellent series.

.

Books on Ireland are natural products of the time, but some of them have an interest extending beyond the controversies of the hour. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. have issued some books of permanent value, a review of which, already in type, has unavoidably been deferred to our next. In the meantime we must speak a word of commendation for *Two Centuries of Irish History*. It is edited by Mr. Bryce, whose introduction is a philo-

sophical and eloquent setting forth of the argument from history, and consists of contributions from various writers of eminence, none of whom are strong partisans. It ought to be studied by every one who wishes to understand the Irish Question. The *Life of John Mitchel*, by William Dillon, is instructive as exhibiting the influence of a deep sense of Irish wrong in the formation of a character which, with a great deal of inconsistency and eccentricity, had also traits of true heroic patriotism. Mr. Murray publishes the *Life and Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, a book of extreme interest, and, it need not be added, of high value.

.

The event of the literary season, undoubtedly, is the completion of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The book is scarcely less remarkable than the circulation it has attained. The *National Dictionary of Biography* progresses with great steadiness, and with signal success. Eighteen volumes have now appeared, and there is a reasonable prospect of its ultimate completion. It is admirable in every respect. Now and then we hear whispered complaints of the slow rate at which Dr. Murray's great dictionary is advancing. But what would grumblers have? A work so gigantic must require time. It is, indeed, nothing short of a phenomenon example of learning, industry, and painstaking. What is more surprising, it is a book of great interest. Take it up when you will, there is much to attract in the curious information which has been collected, in the careful tracing of the pedigree of words, in the extracts by which its statements are proved and illustrated. In fact, it would not be easy to find more entertaining and profitable reading than one of its pages affords.

.

There are few more gratifying features in the literature of our day than the multiplication of cheap books of first-rate excellence. What Cassell and Routledge have done in this line is well known, and has often received the commendation it so richly merits. But Mr. Walter Scott

is issuing from month to month volumes in two or three different series which are entitled to very high praise. The "Canterbury Poets" are, for the most part, republications, but even among them are two or three volumes of new choice selections issued for the first time—such as *Sea Music*, *Jacobite Ballads*, *Irish Minstrelsy*, *Australian Ballads*, *Border Ballads*, *Elfin Music*, and *Poems of Wild Life*. In the Camelot Series we have such books as *My Study Windows*, *Landor's Conversations*, and, one of the choicest volumes of all, some choice *Essays on the English Poets*, by Russell Lowell, with what he calls an apology for a preface in his own most charming style. But the most noteworthy of all is a series of monographs on Great Writers done by men of conspicuous ability. We have already reviewed in our pages Canon Venables' *Life of Bunyan*. Amongst others worthy of mention is *Charlotte Bronte*, by Augustine Birrel; *Burns*, by Professor Blackie; *Dickens*, by Frank T. Marzials; and last, but certainly not the least important, *John Stuart Mill*, by W. L. Courtenay. All these are issued in monthly shilling volumes. We can only wonder how they can be produced for the price, and only hope that a very large sale will remunerate the spirited publisher, who is really one of the great educators of the people.

MAGAZINE VOLUMES.

A GLANCE at the contents of *The Leisure Hour* is enough to show that the editor is well skilled in the art of combining instruction with amusement. He evidently knows how to steer a middle course between the Scylla of dulness on the one hand and the Charybdis of frivolity on the other. We are glad to see that while the element of fiction is not wanting, it is always kept in a position of proper subordination. That it is thoroughly sound in character goes without saying. In the biographical department, which is always one of the best features of the magazine, we have short sketches of the lives of Emin Pasha, the late Edward Thring, F. W. Chesson, and William Barnes, all of whom have been more or less before the eye of the public during the year that is drawing to a close. Amongst miscellaneous articles we notice some very timely chapters, containing the "Story of the

Armada told from the State Papers," in which the writer gives us a good deal of novel information concerning an event which cannot fail to have an intense interest for all true Britons. "The Home of the Blizzard," no doubt suggested by the blizzard in New York last winter, is another example of the way in which the editor seizes upon topics of the hour and makes use of them to interest and instruct his readers. The series of papers on the Queen's homes is sure to have strong attraction for those who love to read about royalty, and especially about British royalty.

The Sunday at Home answers strictly to its professed character. Among the more striking and salient features are a valuable series of articles on "Mission Work, Home and Foreign," and "The Monthly Religious Records," both of which impart to the magazine a living interest for Christian people. The "Chataqua Summer Assembly" and "The Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Alexander" furnish the appropriate subjects for two eminently readable papers. The papers on "St. John, Apostle, Evangelist, and Seer," are admirably adapted to the special purpose of the magazine, which is to furnish matter suitable for Sunday reading. Both *The Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* will form admirable gift-books. The latter would be more to our taste if there was in it more recognition of the work done by Dissenters. After all, they do form an important element in the religious life of the nation, a fact which is too often forgotten by writers in these unsectarian periodicals. It is only a subtle form of ecclesiastical boycotting to which Dissenters have so learned to submit that perhaps they will even object to this notice of it.

The editor of *Good Words* always succeeds in securing writers of established reputation to write the stories which appear in its pages. In the volume for the present year, e.g., we have "The Weaker Vessel," by D. Christie Murray, and "Vignettes of a Northern Village," by Mary Linskill. Among the more striking contents of the biographical and historical papers are "Some College and Clerical Reminiscences," by the Rev. Harry Jones, "The Eighty-eights," by Professor J. R. Seeley, and "Thackeray," by Andrew Lang. The Classified Index, which is one of the most valuable features of the magazine, shows the width of the ground covered by it, and the variety of the subjects treated in it. To single out only one or two from a multitude of others of equal excellence, we would mention the papers on "Cruelty to Children," by Rev. B. Waugh, "Our Mothers and Girls," by the Countess of Aberdeen, and "On the Culture of the Senses," by Jean Ingelow.

The Sunday Magazine is well furnished in the department of fiction, which is enriched by contributions from well-known and popular writers. It is sufficient to mention the fact that it includes "Toilers of Babylon," by B. L. Farjeon, and "The Elect Lady," by George MacDonald, to show that ample provision has been made for the lovers of religious tales. The special character of the magazine, as described in its title, is well maintained in its contents. Thus amongst other

Biblical papers we have a suggestive series on "Job and his Friends," by E. H. Plumptre, D.D. In the biographical section Rev. W. G. Horder's paper on "Three Lay Hymnists of Our Time" (viz., George Rawson, T. H. Gill, and F. T. Palgrave), and Dr. Farrar's "The Working of the Leaven" (under which title he describes, in his usual graphic and interesting style, some striking scenes taken from early Church history), and Rev. E. J. Hardy's "Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century" (viz., Livingstone, General Gordon, and Bishop Patteson), are the most noticeable series. The philanthropical department is enriched with a valuable contribution by Mary Harrison, giving accounts of Mr. Mearns's mission, cruelly used children, and London flower girls' friends. The Sunday Evenings with the Children are principally supplied by the editor, and as usual form one of the most useful and attractive features of this most excellent magazine.

The firm of Cassell and Co. is entitled to special honour for the incalculable service which it has rendered in the work of popularizing literature. Its founder was a pioneer in the work, and the spirit by which he was moved appears still to dwell in the firm. While it is ever showing fresh ingenuity in the devising of new plans, the magazines which have earned for themselves a high reputation are maintained not only with their old efficiency, but with a continued adaptation to the new demands of the time. *The Quiver* is the oldest, and it retains that unpretending religious character which secures it so cordial a welcome in numbers of Christian families. Among the interesting articles of the present volume is a series on great preachers, among whom are Dr. Allon and Dr. Fairbairn. The sketches are interesting, and full justice is done to both. At the same time we regard the introduction of the interviewing correspondent in magazines with some jealousy. The tendency to multiply the personals, as the Americans call them, in our newspapers is so very strong and perilous that we regret it should receive even an indirect countenance from religious publications. It is surely possible to tell the world all that it has any right to know about the characteristics of a great preacher without introducing us to his home or his library. Of course all that is innocent enough, but such an example will be only too readily quoted in defence of much more objectionable intrusions into privacy. *The Quiver* supplies its usual but not excessive proportion of fiction of the best character, thoroughly interesting, but healthful in its tone. All the other various departments of the magazine are well maintained. *The Family Magazine* is true to its name and character. It is literally brimful of the kind of information and literary matters such as is most suitable for the household. The contents are as varied in subject as they are admirable in quality. The Gatherer, for example, the mere index to whose contents covers a large page of four columns in small print, is itself sufficient to give value to the volume. The information which it gives on all kinds of subjects is extremely useful, some of it of a rare and curious character, and, what is most important, always to be depended

upon. Then we have the Family Doctor, who is prepared to answer practical questions such as—Why am I getting bald? Why does my head ache? &c. On the other side we have contributions in the way of fiction, music, art; altogether a most admirable miscellany. *The Saturday Journal* occupies a different sphere, and performs another kind of function. It is intended to meet the kind of taste for which *The Family Herald* and journals of that sort cater. It was not an easy task to undertake, but it has been done with remarkable success. Of course the element of fiction is very considerable, both in the shape of serials and of short stories. They seem to us, so far as we have been able to examine them, to be done with excellent judgment and skill. But beside this, there is a very large amount of "general" matter given in the form which is most likely to catch the class of readers for whom the editor has to cater. We may specially mention, among other papers, "Life Dramas of the London Poor," the "How it is Done" series, the treating of such subjects as the Bankers' Clearing House, the Royal Academy, the Central Telegraph Office; the real detective stories also are very cleverly done. The magazine has all the elements of popularity. *Little Folks* is Cassell's children's magazine, and there need not be a better. There is in it a judicious blending of amusement with instruction, though of course, as we might expect, there is a large preponderance of the former. It is full of life and brightness.

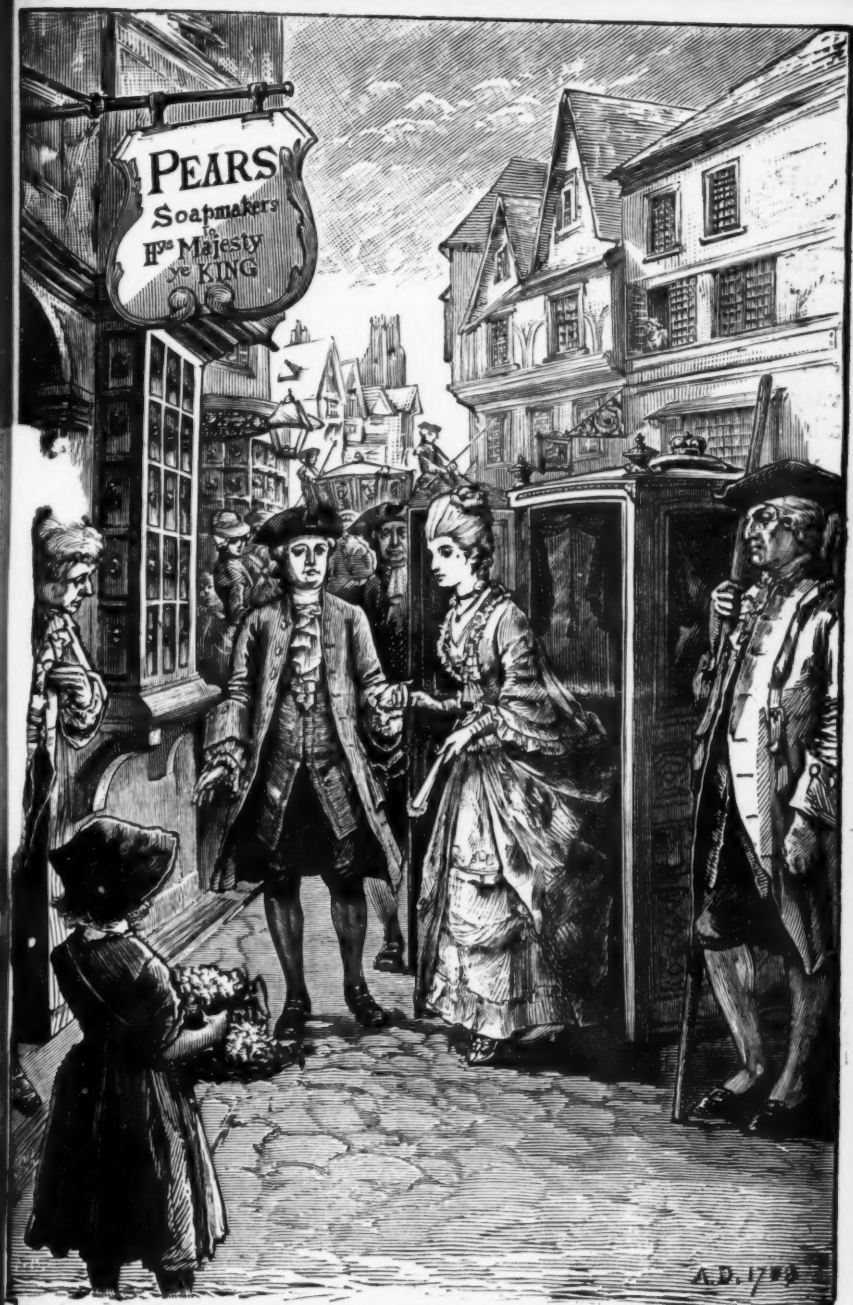
CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Legacy of Cain. By WILKIE COLLINS. Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) It is pleasant to meet so perfect a story-teller as Mr. Collins once again. His new book is in his old style, and is not an unfavourable example of it. As in the case of some of his earlier and more famous books we have an elaborate plot unravelled and set before us in the diaries and letters of the different actors. No mode of telling a story can be more effective, though probably none is more difficult to manage with perfect success. Mr. Wilkie Collins is a master of the art, and his hand has not lost its old cunning. "The Legacy of Cain" will probably not produce the same impression that was made by some of its predecessors, but that will be due partly to the fact that they have preceded it, and have made us so far familiar with the writer's manner. We do not attempt even to hint at the plot, for such a mode of treatment would go far to destroy the reader's interest in the book. Suffice it to say that it has a definite purpose, which is to illustrate the effect of heredity. We quote a few sentences which may really be regarded as the text of the story: "No man in his senses can doubt that physical qualities are transmitted from parents

to children. But inheritance of moral qualities is less easy to trace. Here, the exploring mind finds its progress beset by obstacles. That those obstacles have been sometimes overcome I do not deny. Moral resemblances have been traced between parents and children. While, however, I admit this, I doubt the conclusion which sees an inheritance of moral qualities, a positive influence, exerted on mortal destiny. There are inherent emotional forces in humanity to which the inherited influences must submit; they are essentially influences under control—influences which can be encountered and forced back."

Agatha Page. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Two Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) The author is unknown to us, though this does not appear to be his first book. There are in it so many signs of immaturity that we can hardly be wrong in conjecturing that he is a young writer. He has prepared a good deal of material for his work, but he does not show much skill in the use of it. Everywhere we have to complain of a want of finish, both in the character-painting and in the incidents of the story. Mercedes, who may be regarded as the villain of the piece, is one of the most revolting female characters it has been our misfortune to meet. The circumstances of her treachery make it peculiarly offensive, and we fail to see what benefit is to be gained from telling her story. It is not entertaining, and it is not likely to be edifying. It may be replied that the intention was to illustrate the power of a woman's trusting love, and that the full nobility of character in the heroine could not have been otherwise developed. But if so, the author has scarcely done justice to his own design.

The Least of all Lands. By WILLIAM MILLER, C.I.E., LL.D. (Blackie and Son.) Of writing books on the Holy Land there would seem to be no end. The country has been described so often, as Mr. Miller reminds us, that it may be thought there is no room for more to be said about it—especially by one who does not profess to have explored it thoroughly, or to be able to speak with authority on any of the chief problems it presents. Our author, however, has managed to impart some degree of freshness to this well-worn topic by the peculiar method of treatment which he has adopted. Instead of taking a bird's-eye view of the country as a whole, he fixes his attention on particular spots which are specially interesting on account of their historical associations, and shows us how in each case an understanding of the locality helps us to understand the event which happened in it, both how it came to pass and what influenced other subsequent historical developments. The idea is a new and striking one, and is worked out in a very interesting and powerful way. The book throws new light on many important events in the history of the Jewish nations. We trust the writer may be able to do for other places what he has done for Michmash, Elah, Gilboa, and Shiloh.



SHOPPING IN SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Queen Charlotte's visit to PEARS' for Soap for her Complexion a hundred years ago.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF ITS PURITY

ENGLAND.

Professor JOHN ATTFIELD,

**PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY TO THE PHARMACEUTICAL
SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN: AUTHOR OF A MANUAL OF GENERAL,
MEDICAL, AND PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY.**

I HAVE annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of **Pears' Soap**, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter.

A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made.

Pears'

SCOTLAND.

STEVENSON McADAM, Esq., Ph.D. &c

LECTURER ON CHEMISTRY, SURGEONS' HALL, EDINBURGH.

I HAVE made careful analyses of several tablets of **Pears' Transparent Soap**, which I obtained indiscriminately at different shops in Edinburgh, and I can certify to its being a pure and genuine Soap, free from admixture with any foreign substances, and practically devoid of causticity. It combines detergent with emollient properties in a high degree, and it may therefore be used with great advantage for toilet and bath purposes, especially in the case of children and others whose skin is soft and delicate, and liable to be affected by the impure and caustic nature of ordinary Soap.

IT IS ALSO THE CHEAPEST

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF ITS PURITY

ENGLAND.

Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C., &c.

**PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY & PHARMACY TO THE PHARMACEUTICAL
SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.**

FROM frequent examinations and analyses of it during a period of thirty years, I can certify that it possesses the properties of an efficient yet mild detergent, without any of the objectionable properties of ordinary Soaps, which usually contain free fatty acid or caustic alkali, or alkaline salts, giving them a greasy, acrid, or irritating character. It is quite free from Cocoa Nut Oil and artificial colouring matter, and may be relied upon for great purity, uniformity of composition, and agreeable perfume.

It may be represented as a
perfect Toilet Soap.

S O A P

IRELAND.

CHAS. R. C. TICHBORNE, Esq., LL.D., F.I.C., F.G.S.

**LECTURER ON CHEMISTRY AT CARMICHAEL COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, DUBLIN,
AND CHEMIST TO THE APOTHECARIES' HALL, OF IRELAND.**

I HAVE made three separate and independent analyses of **Pears' Soap**, obtaining the samples myself at ordinary Retail Shops, and from these examinations I am enabled to certify to its purity. It is made in the most perfect manner, and is free from any causticity—to persons of delicate skin a question of vital importance. Being free from all adulteration with water its durability is really remarkable. I cannot speak too highly of it, for it strikingly illustrates the perfection of Toilet Soap. Within the last few years a great number of Transparent Soaps, imitations of Messrs. **PEARS'** invention, have appeared in the market of a most inferior and injurious character, consisting of Cocoa Nut Oil, Glycerine, and a large addition of water, and I have found in them over fifty per cent. of free caustic soda, and nearly one-third water. I need hardly say that such Soaps are necessarily most hurtful.

FOR IT LASTS THE LONGEST.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION

Pears' Soap

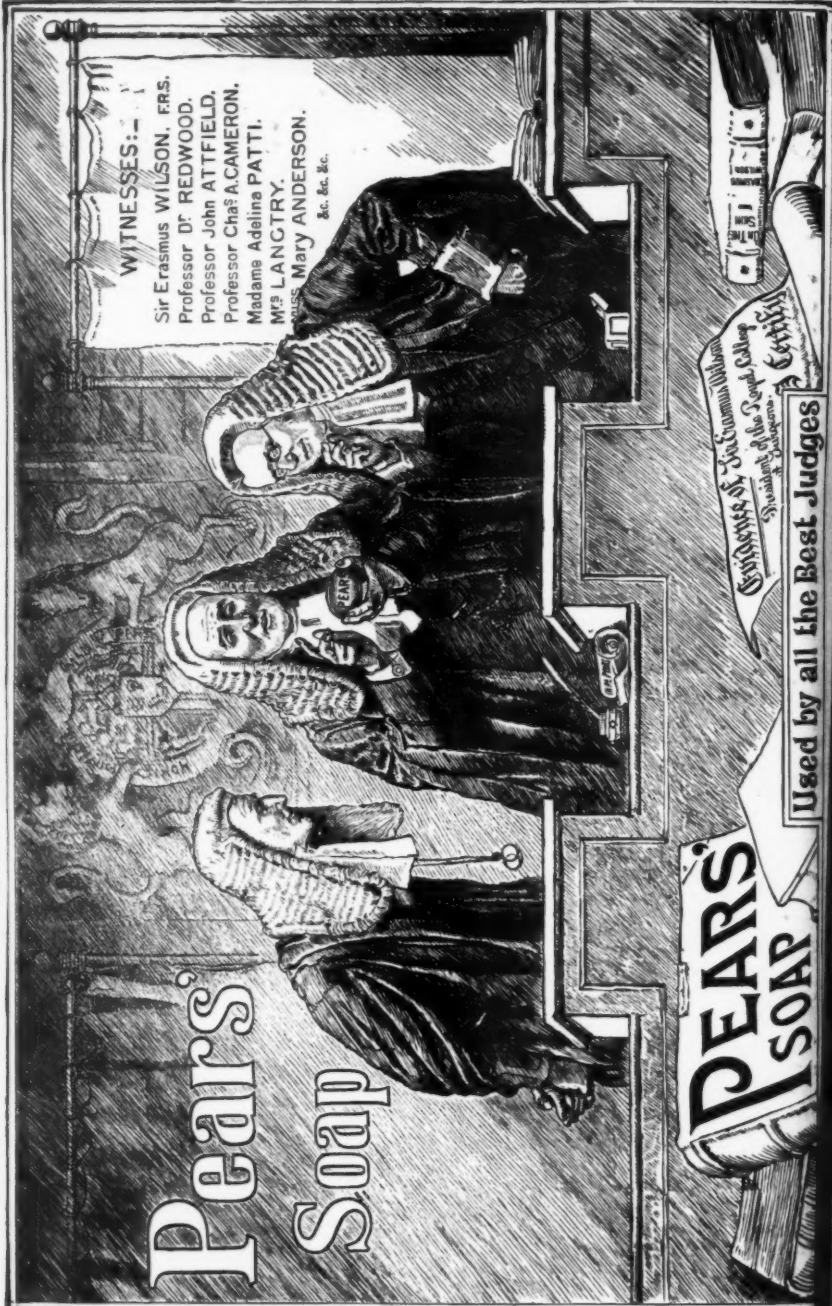
WITNESSES:—

Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.
Professor Dr. Redwood.
Professor John Attfield,
Professor Chas. Cameron,
Madame Adeline Patti.
MISS LANCTRY.
MISS Mary Anderson.
&c. &c. &c.

PEARS' SOAP

Erasmus Wilson
President of the Royal College
of Surgeons in England

Used by all the Best Judges





Used by all the Best Judges

SOAP



"A Year's issue of **The Century** combines in no inadequate measure the character of a popular library and a picture gallery."—*Scottish Leader*.



THE



ENTURY

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

For 1889.

Monthly, Price 1s. 4d.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following special announcements for the coming magazine-year can give only a partial idea of the wealth of literary and artistic material to be drawn upon for the benefit of the readers of **THE CENTURY**. Besides a number of Stories, Essays, Illustrated Articles, Poems, &c., not specified, there will be a continuation of series already begun, as announced below, and of other series in which **THE CENTURY** readers are interested, such as Mrs. VAN RENSSLAER'S *English Cathedrals* (including a supplementary chapter on Westminster Abbey), Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON'S *Historical Papers*, and Dr. BUCKLEY'S *Series on Spiritualism*, &c.

Bible Scenes, and the Bible and Existing Monuments.

Mr. EDWARD L. WILSON'S abundantly illustrated paper on Bible Subjects treated in the International Sunday School Lessons will be continued during the coming year. In addition there may be expected several other articles on existing monuments connected with the Old and New Testament narrative. The latter articles are by the Rev. Dr. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, Prof. MORRIS JASTROW, Jun., Prof. JOHN A. PAINE, and Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

The Century Gallery of Italian Masters,

from the Byzantines to Tintoretto, engraved by TIMOTHY COLE from the original paintings, and accompanied by historical and critical papers by W. J. STILLMAN. The preparation of this gallery of Italian masters is the most important artistic work upon which **THE CENTURY** has ever entered.

Ireland.

Studies of its People, Customs, Landscape, Town Life, Literature, and Arts by CHARLES DE KAY, and illustrated, in large part, by T. W. ALEXANDER, from sketches recently made in Ireland. The Pagan Architectural Remains of Ireland, the Coast Scenery, Ogre Stories, Heroic Ballads, &c., will be discussed in a series of interesting papers.

Strange, True Stories of Louisiana.

Collected by GEORGE W. CABLE. Mr. Cable has been many years in gathering together this remarkable series every one of which is as true as it is strange.

John La Farge's Notes and Studies in Japan.

A series of articles of peculiar interest will consist of notes and "letters home" from Japan by the distinguished artist JOHN LA FARGE, illustrated with engravings from original studies by the artist.

Kennan in Siberia.

Mr. GEORGE KENNAN'S Siberian articles, illustrated with sketches from photographs taken by GEORGE A. FROST, will contain, from November on, what the author believes to be the best and most striking of all his material.

A Series of Irish-American Stories,

both humorous and pathetic; each complete in itself, but having a connected interest. By GEORGE H. JESSUP. The scene of these studies of the transplanted Irishman is California; and the illustrations are by E. W. KEMBLE.

The Romance of Dollard.

THE CENTURY will publish in early numbers a serial novel by a writer new to its readers, Mrs. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, with a preface by FRANCIS PARKMAN, the historian.

HALF-YEARLY VOLUMES, price 10s. 6d. each. CLOTH CASES for binding the half-yearly volumes, price 1s. 4d.

BACK NUMBERS can be supplied; immediate application is requested from persons desirous of completing their sets.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for one year, post free, 19s. Single copy, 1s. 4d.; post free, 1s. 7d. Subscriptions can be booked at

All Booksellers', Bookstalls, and Newsvendors.

PUBLISHED AT 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.

Crown 8vo., cloth, Illustrated, and furnished with Maps
and Indexes, price 5s. each.

Presentation Edition, gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

1. ROME.

By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. Third Edition.
"The author succeeds admirably in reproducing the
'Grandeur that was Rome.'"
Sydney Morning Herald.

2. THE JEWS.

By Prof. J. K. HOSMER. Second Edition.
"The book possesses much of the interest, the sug-
gestiveness, and the charm of romance."
Saturday Review.

3. GERMANY.

By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Second Edition.
"Mr. Baring-Gould tells his stirring tale with know-
ledge and perspicuity. He is a thorough master of his
subject."*Globe.*
"A decided success."*Athenæum.*

4. CARTHAGE.

By Professor ALFRED J. CHURCH. Third
Edition.
"Told with admirable lucidity."*Observer.*
"A masterly outline with vigorous touches in detail
here and there."*Guardian.*

5. ALEXANDER'S EMPIRE.

By Professor J. P. MAHAFFY. Third
Edition.
"An admirable epitome."*Melbourne Argus.*
"A wonderful success."*Spectator.*

6. THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

By STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Second Edition.
"Is much the best on the subject that we have in
English."*Athenæum.*
"Well worth reading."*Times of Morocco.*
"The best, the fullest, the most accurate, and most
readable history of the Moors in Spain for general
readers."*St. James's Gazette.*

7. ANCIENT EGYPT.

By Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON. Third
Edition.
"The story is told of the land, people, and rulers,
with vivid colouring and consummate literary skill."
New York Critic.

8. HUNGARY.

By Professor ARMINUS VAMBÉRY. Second
Edition.
"The volume which he has contributed to 'The
Story of the Nations' will be generally considered one
of the most interesting and picturesque of that useful
series."*Times.*
"This eminently satisfactory book."
St. James's Gazette.

9. THE SARACENS.

By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.
"Le livre de M. Gilman est destiné à être lu avidement par un grand nombre de gens pour lesquels l'étude des nombreux ouvrages déjà parus serait impossible."*Journal des Débats.*

10. IRELAND.

By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS. Second
Edition.
"This clear and temperate narrative."*Spectator.*

11. CHALDEA.

By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
"One of the most interesting numbers of the series
in which it appears."*Scotsman.*

12. THE GOTHs.

By HENRY BRADLEY.
"It has the merits of care and accuracy. Its style
is simple and vigorous. Mr. Bradley makes the history
interesting to general readers. The work is well illus-
trated, and forms a valuable addition to the series."
Scotsman.

13. ASSYRIA.

By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
"Assyrian life has become a reality in our hands. Assyriologists, as well as the general public, will find
her book a charming one to read."
Extract from Letter from Prof. Sayce.

14. TURKEY.

By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
"Decidedly one of the most valuable additions to the
noble series. The illustrations, as in previous volumes
of the course, are not only numerous, but well selected
and really helpful."*Glasgow Mail.*

15. HOLLAND.

By Professor J. E. THOROLD LOGGERS.
"A more interesting volume has not hitherto been
contributed to the admirable 'Story of the Nations.'"
Morning Post.

16. MEDIÆVAL FRANCE.

By GUSTAVE MASSON.
"It certainly was a happy thought to ask a man like
Masson to write on Mediæval France, for he was by know-
ledge and sympathy singularly well adapted to deal
skilfully with such a theme."*Leeds Mercury.*

17. PERSIA.

By W. S. BENJAMIN.
"Told with good literary skill and with ample and
accurate knowledge."*Scotsman.*

18. PHœNICIA.

By Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON.
[Just Ready.]

Other Volumes in Preparation.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.